

KNOW WHERE TO HIDE FROM THE LAW?

PROG 464
5 APR 86

IN ORBIT
EVERY MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

\$1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
80c Mercury
£1.00 United
80c Mars
1.00 Australasia
110c Saturn
90c India
420g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY



BRIT
EWIN'S

No!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

The more astute among my Squaxx dek Thargo will have noticed that their thrill-merchant just charged an extra 2 Earth pennies for this week's burst of thrill-power. I hope none of you caused a scene in the shop – it wasn't his/her/its fault but is, as I explained last prog, the result of galloping interplanetary inflation. Still, this is the first price rise we've had in more than a year, and my cosmic comic is easily worth every groat. What's more, alongside the zarjaz stories which you have come to expect, this prog displays a selection of Terran Readers' Art...with every artist whose work is programmed receiving no less than £10! Truly has it been written: what you lose on the swings, you gain in a roundabout way!

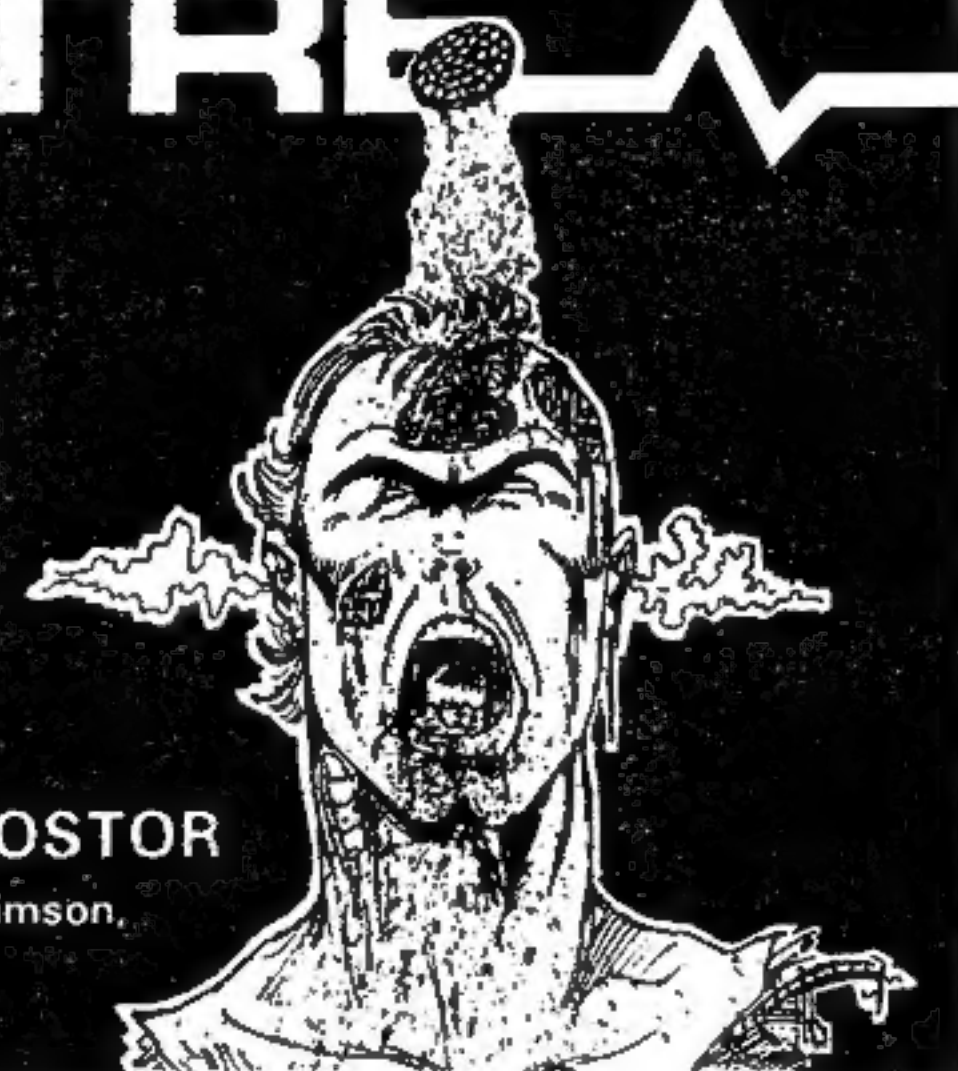
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

THARG THE IMPOSTOR

Drawn by Earthlet Matt Timson.

Kibworth. £10 Winner.



M-M-M-MONA LISA

Drawn by Earthlet Jo Groombridge,
London. £10 Winner.



GREEN PIECE

Dear Green Scaly Alien,
Green is such a delicate colour...
Rancid lard and sweaty butter,
Runny noses, rampant moss,
Rising damp on peeling gloss,
Rotting veg and fungi, too,
All these Greens remind me of YOU!
From Earthlet Reuben Milne, Windsor. £5 Winner (eventually).

This piece of poetry stunned me. Indeed, I suspect that it will be a long time before I recover my senses enough to put your prize in the post.

REST OF WORLD, TAKE NOTE...

O Mighty Tharg,
It is interesting to observe how ancient symbols are often preserved in modern society. Take, for instance, the sign of the druids used by *Sláine* in Prog 459. Examples of this can be seen today in the small market town of Spalding, Lincolnshire. They survive as groups of 3 prongs attached to the fronts of houses in the town centre. I've been told their purpose is only to hold small flags for the annual tulip festival – but this is obviously the relic of an ancient belief showing the defiance of Spalding to the rest of the world.

From Earthlet John Samuels, Newark. £5 Winner.

I think it is very brave of Spalding to stand up to the rest of the world in so bold a fashion, and I shall consider awarding them that rarest of honours – the Krill Tro Thargo, En Masse.

ROLE-PLAYING REVISITED

Dear Tharg,

It would seem that Earthlet P. Revill (Nerve Centre, Prog 459) has the brain of a Cursed Earth Mutie. It does not, repeat NOT take a graduate from the Academy of Law to understand the basics of the *Judge Dredd Role-Playing Game*. Even a juve could understand

it! Maybe a visit from a Blitzter or two would help to educate him.

From Earthlet Citizen Roman Bublik, Leeds. £5 Winner.

My sympathies still lie with Terran P. Revill – the game can't be much fun when you always have to play the part of a Cursed Earth Mutie.

AUF WIEDERSSSSSEHEN PET!

Dear Tharg,

Surely I am the most observant Earthlet in the galaxy! While watching the first episode of the scrotnig TV programme "Auf Wiedersehen Pet" I noticed that the character known as Trevor (Barry's assistant) was wearing a T-Shirt with *Judge Death* on it! At last thrill-power is coming to television!

From most observant Earthlet Dominic Glennon, Bourne End. £5 Winner.

I have not seen this particular vid, Terran, but I am glad to hear that thrill-power is spreading into areas as diverse as Teutonic Zoology.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 464

ADVERTISEMENT

STAMP QUIZ

IS IT TRUE THAT:-

1. Britain issued the first stamps?
 2. Britain never puts its name on its stamps?
 3. Stamps without perforations are fakes?
 4. Christmas stamps must be used to post Christmas mail?
- Prizes: 25 diff. choice stamps sent free for each correct answer. If all 4 answers correct we will send you a specially imported collection of 100 diff. world wide stamps (catalogued value £5.00) plus the famous 90-years-old British "PENNY LILAC" stamp, as illustrated. Our Special Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. POST FREE.
(Please tell your parents you are writing).

THE STAMP CLUB
(Dept AD22)

Eastrington, Gooles, North Humberside DN14 7QG.



"OOOWWWW".

THAT'S WHAT THE SIRENS
SOUND LIKE, MOANING
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS
OF MOAB, ROLLING OUT
ACROSS THE THREADLIGHT-
SCARRED BATTLEFIELDS:
"OOOWWWW".



THE SIRENS ARE TO TELL
ANYONE WHO MAY NOT
HAVE HEARD THAT IT'S
SAFE TO COME OUT NOW.
THE FIGHTING'S BEEN
OVER FOR WEEKS.

NOBODY HAS TO
DIE ANY MORE.



"OOOWWWW"...OVER
AND OVER AGAIN, THE
SAME SOUND, HORRIBLE
AND PLAINTIVE,
IMPOSSIBLE TO SHUT OUT.

IT'S THE SOUND A WAR
MAKES BEFORE IT
ROLLS OVER AND LIES
STILL. IT SOUNDS
BITTER AND HEART-
BROKEN AND
DISAPPOINTED.



IT SOUNDS
CHEATED.

The Ballad Of
**HAL
JONES**

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73E

13: When They Sound The Last All Clear...

BETA PLATOON SHIP
OUT FROM MOAB IN
A MONTH'S TIME.
UNTIL THEN, WE'RE
OCCUPIED IN
CLEANING UP OUR
OWN MESS.

WE'VE MADE
SUCH A LOT
OF IT.

THERE ARE STILL SQUADRONS
FROM BOTH SIDES OUT IN THE
BATTLE ZONES, UNABLE TO
ACCEPT THAT THE WAR IS
REALLY DEAD.

THEY'RE WAITING
FOR IT TO GET UP
AND START
GROWLING AGAIN.

000W

DELTA
PLATOON?
THIS IS
SERGEANT
JONES, BETA
PLATOON.

WW-000W

WWWWWW

LISTEN,
THE WAR'S
FINISHED, GUYS.
EARTH REACHED
A SETTLEMENT
WITH
TARANTULA.

YOU
CAN COME
OUT.

NICE TRY,
EGG-SUCKER, BUT
OUR ORDERS SAY
DIFFERENT.

NOW
SUCK ON
THIS...

AAA!
GET
DOWN!

TALKING'S IMPOSSIBLE.
THEY WON'T LISTEN. THEY
COULD BE HOME WITH
THEIR MEN, THEIR CHILDREN,
BUT THEY'VE SOMEHOW GOT
STUCK IN A WAR THAT
DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE.

SOME OF THEM
WILL BE OUT
THERE FOR YEARS.

000W

HOW DO WE CLEAN UP THAT
KIND OF MESS? HOW DO WE
CLEAN UP THE MESS IN
PEOPLE'S HEADS, IN PEOPLE'S
LIVES: ALL THAT LOSS AND PAIN?

"000WWWW".

I THINK MOST OF US
WOULD RATHER
FORGET THE MESS,
JUST WALK AWAY
AND LEAVE IT, BUT
THE CETACEANS
RUN EARTH NOW, AND
THEY WON'T LET US.

PREPARE
FOR
INSPECTION
BY THE NEW
TERRAN
MINISTER
FOR
PEACE...

... HER SERENITY,
KIKIKITITI
RIKRIKIKIKIT.

IKTITIKRIK
RITIKTIKIK-
ITRIK?

THE MINISTER
WISHES TO SEE
THE STATE OF
THE LOCAL NON-
COMBATANT
POPULATION.

WE SHOWED HER THE
MOABITES, LIVING ON
WHAT LITTLE FOOD
THE WAR HAD LEFT
THEM AMONGST THE
RUINED ICONS OF
THEIR FAITH.

FUNNY. I HADN'T
THOUGHT MUCH
ABOUT THEM
BEFORE.

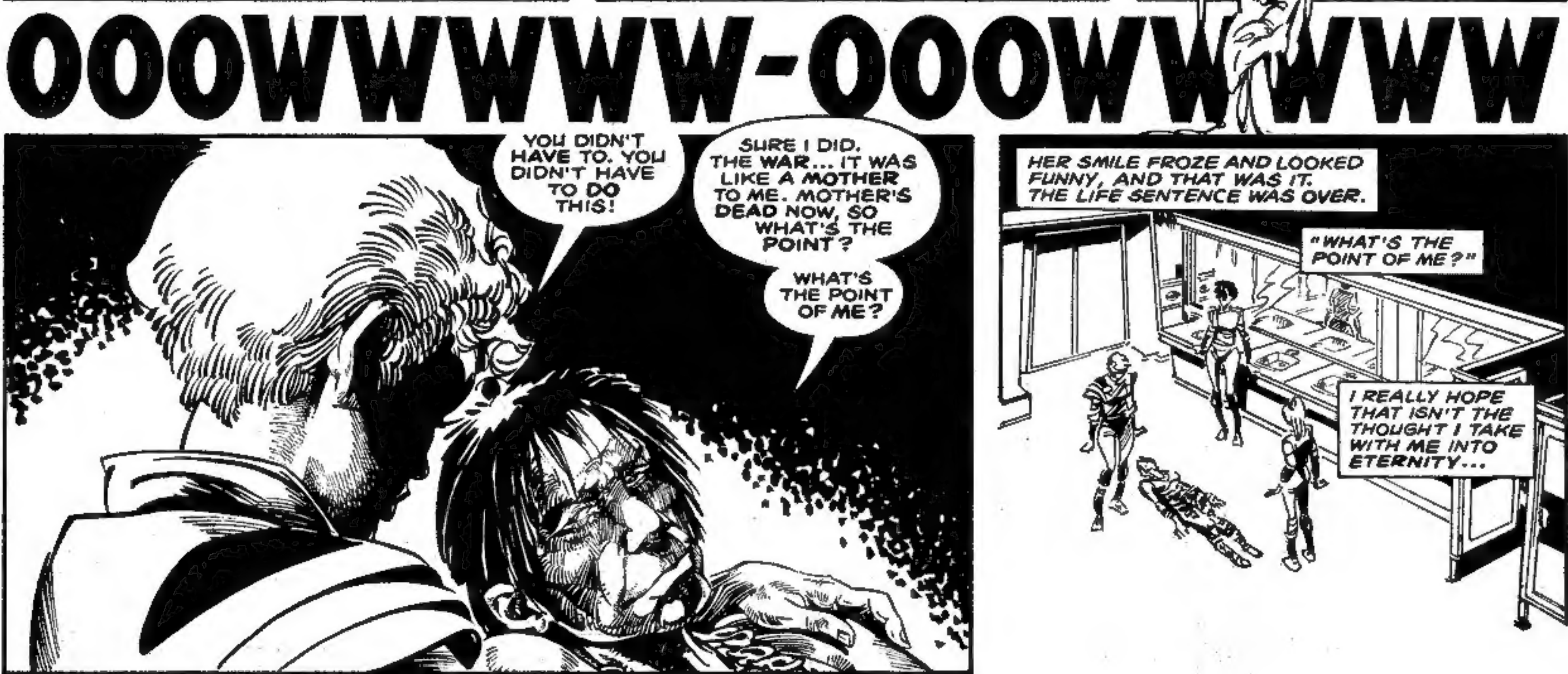
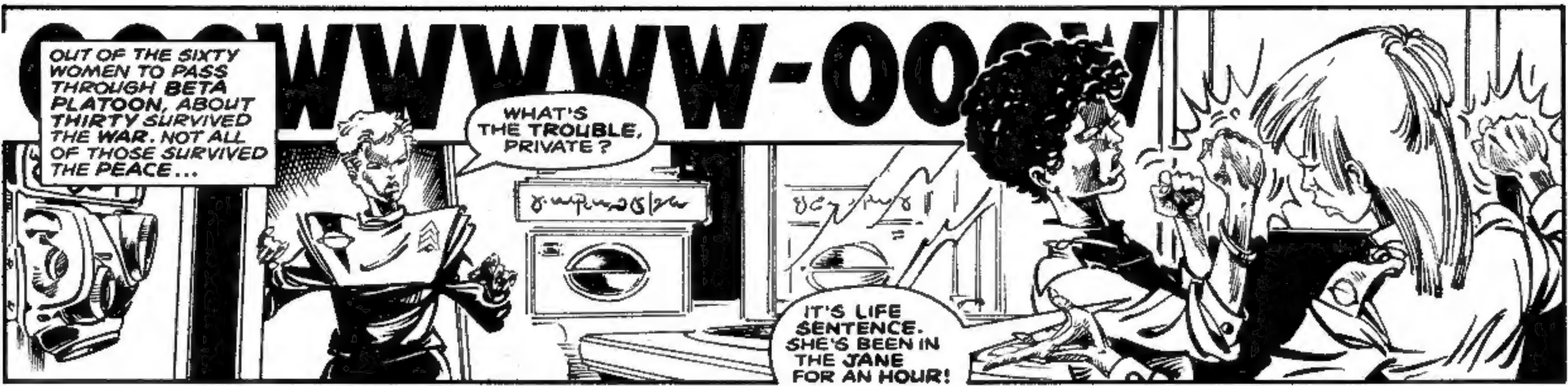
BUT THEN, THAT'S
CETACEANS. THEY
LET THEMSELVES
FEEL THINGS MORE
STRONGLY THAN
WE DO. THEY'RE
BRAVER.

IIIIITIKTIK.
IIIIITIKRIK-
TIK?

IT MEANT: "WHAT HAVE WE DONE?"
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO THEM?
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO
OURSELVES?

NOBODY HAD AN
ANSWER. I WANTED
TO RUN UP TO HER
TANK AND JUST, I
DON'T KNOW, CRY
OR APOLOGISE OR
SOMETHING. BUT I
DIDN'T. I COULDN'T
MEET HER EYES.

SHE MOVED ON WITH
HER INSPECTION,
LEAVING US WITH OUR
EMBARRASSED
SILENCE. IF YOU
COULD GIVE CONSCIENCE
A SHAPE, IT WOULD
LOOK LIKE A DOLPHIN.



000WWWW-000 WWW



... BECAUSE I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE ANY BETTER ANSWER THAN SHE HAD. I'M COLD AND I'M LONELY AND I'M THIRTY-THREE YEARS OLD. ALL MY FRIENDS ARE GONE.

"000WWWW".

WRITING, SERGEANT JONES?

HOW VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

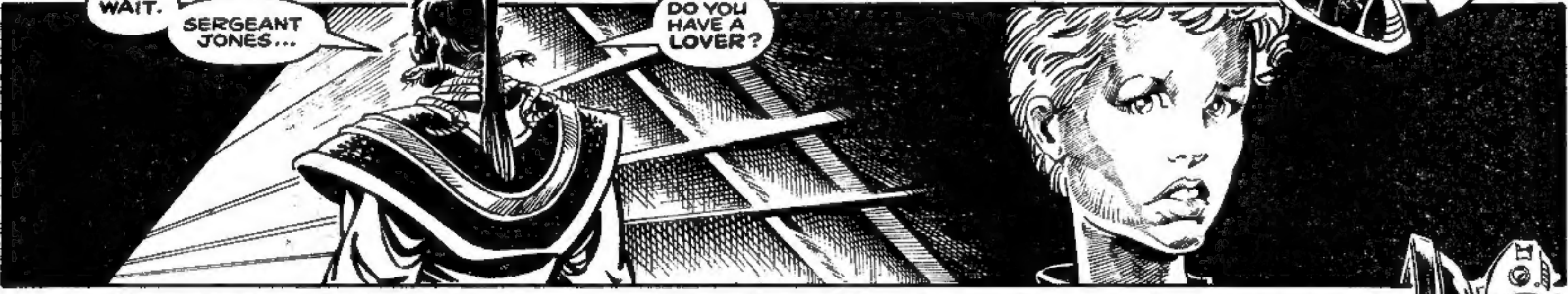


ONLY ONE BEING IN A THOUSAND STILL WRITES. DID YOU KNOW THAT?

UH, NO. I DIDN'T.

I-I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY BARRACKS...

000WWWW-000 WWW



WAIT.

SERGEANT JONES...

DO YOU HAVE A LOVER?

000WWWW-000 WWW



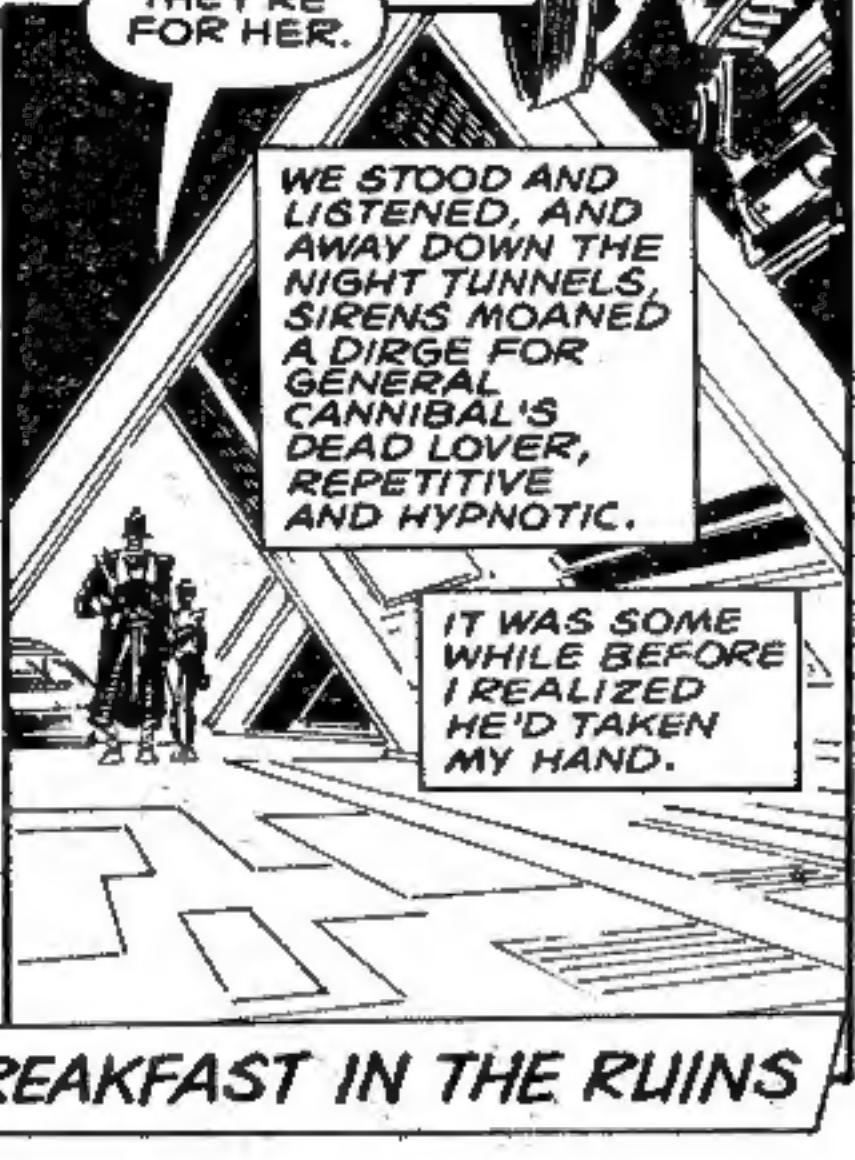
NO.

NO, SIR. I DON'T.



NEITHER HAVE I. I USED TO. SHE WAS FINE AND TERRIBLE AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT SHE DIED.

LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR THOSE SIRENS?



THEY'RE FOR HER.

WE STOOD AND LISTENED, AND AWAY DOWN THE NIGHT TUNNELS, SIRENS MOANED A DIRGE FOR GENERAL CANNIBAL'S DEAD LOVER, REPETITIVE AND HYPNOTIC.

IT WAS SOME WHILE BEFORE I REALIZED HE'D TAKEN MY HAND.

NEXT PROG

BREAKFAST IN THE RUINS



THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

Oh
What A
Lovely
War

GAS ATTACK!



A DECISION WAS MADE...

HERE
IT IS!



... WAS IT THE RIGHT ONE ?

FOR PRIVATE WILLIAM BOOTHBY, A
FRONT LINE SOLDIER IN 1917
FRANCE, A DECISION HAD TO BE
MADE. A DECISION THAT MEANT
LIFE OR DEATH!



GAS! SHOULD
I RUN WITH THE
OTHERS, OR TRY
AND FIND A GAS-
MASK IN THE
DUG-OUT?

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
O. STEPANIUK
ART ROBOT
JOHN STOKES
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E

YES!



URRRGHKK!

ARRRRGH!



AND THE CORRECT
DECISION MEANT
SURVIVAL.

IN THE FRONT LINE SUCH DECISIONS
HAD TO BE MADE EACH AND EVERY DAY.



ICH KANN
SIE REICHEN
VON HIER! IHR
LEBEN ES
AM ENDE!



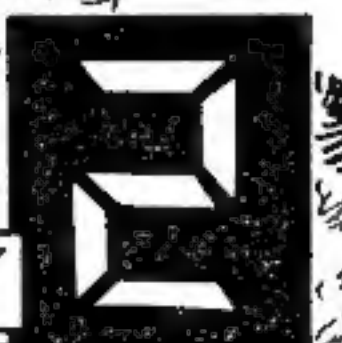
GRENADÉ!
HAVE I TIME
TO THROW IT
BACK, OR
SHOULD I GET
THE HELL
OUT?



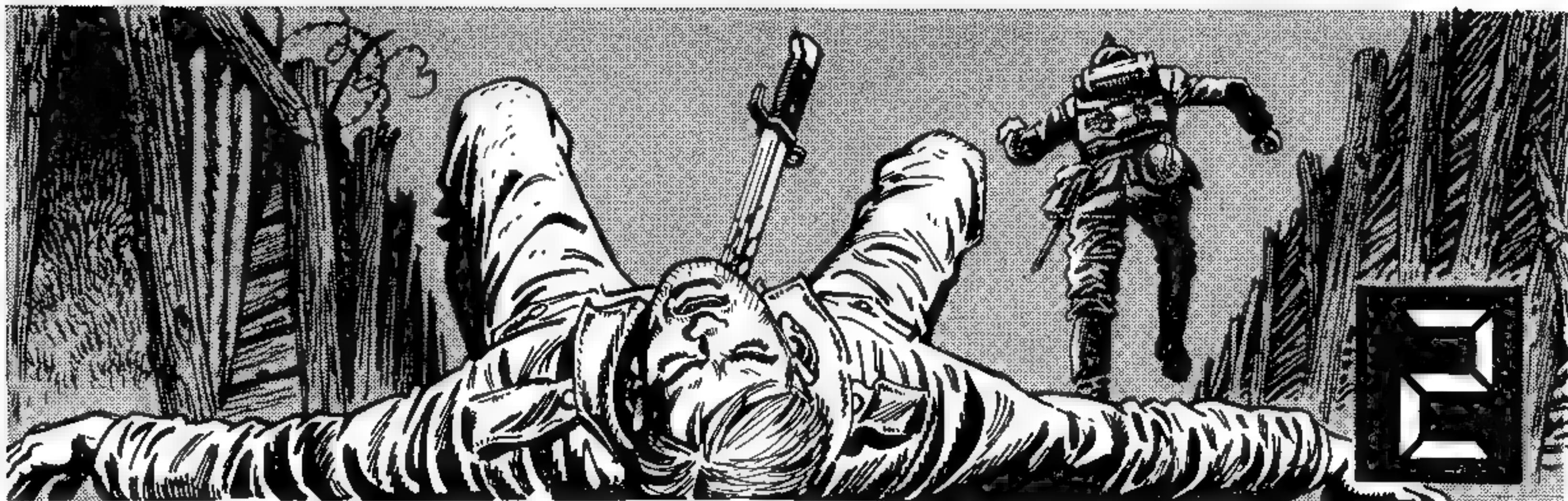
BLAMM

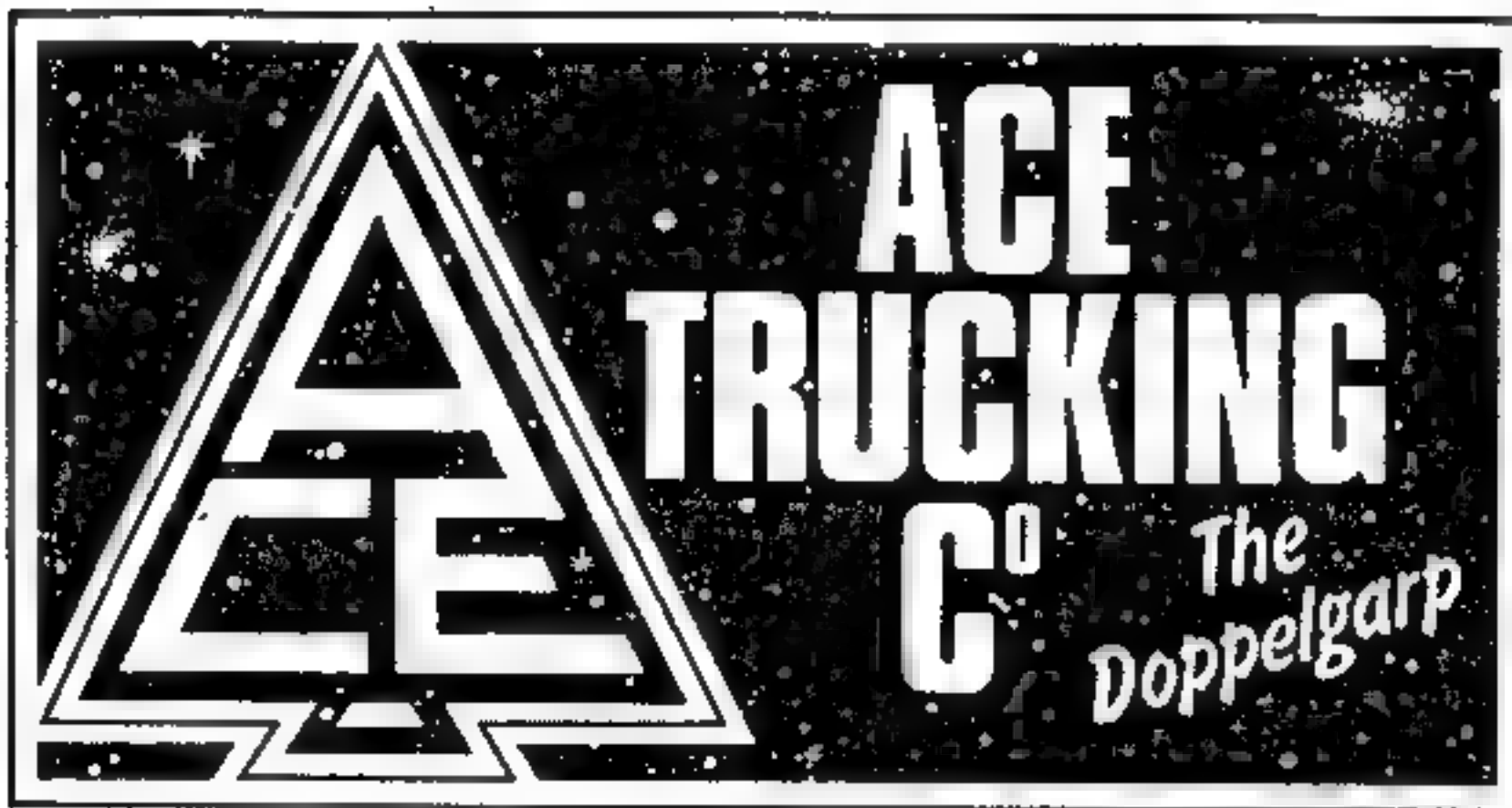
AARRGH!

ONE MORE CORRECT DECISION
IN THE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL.





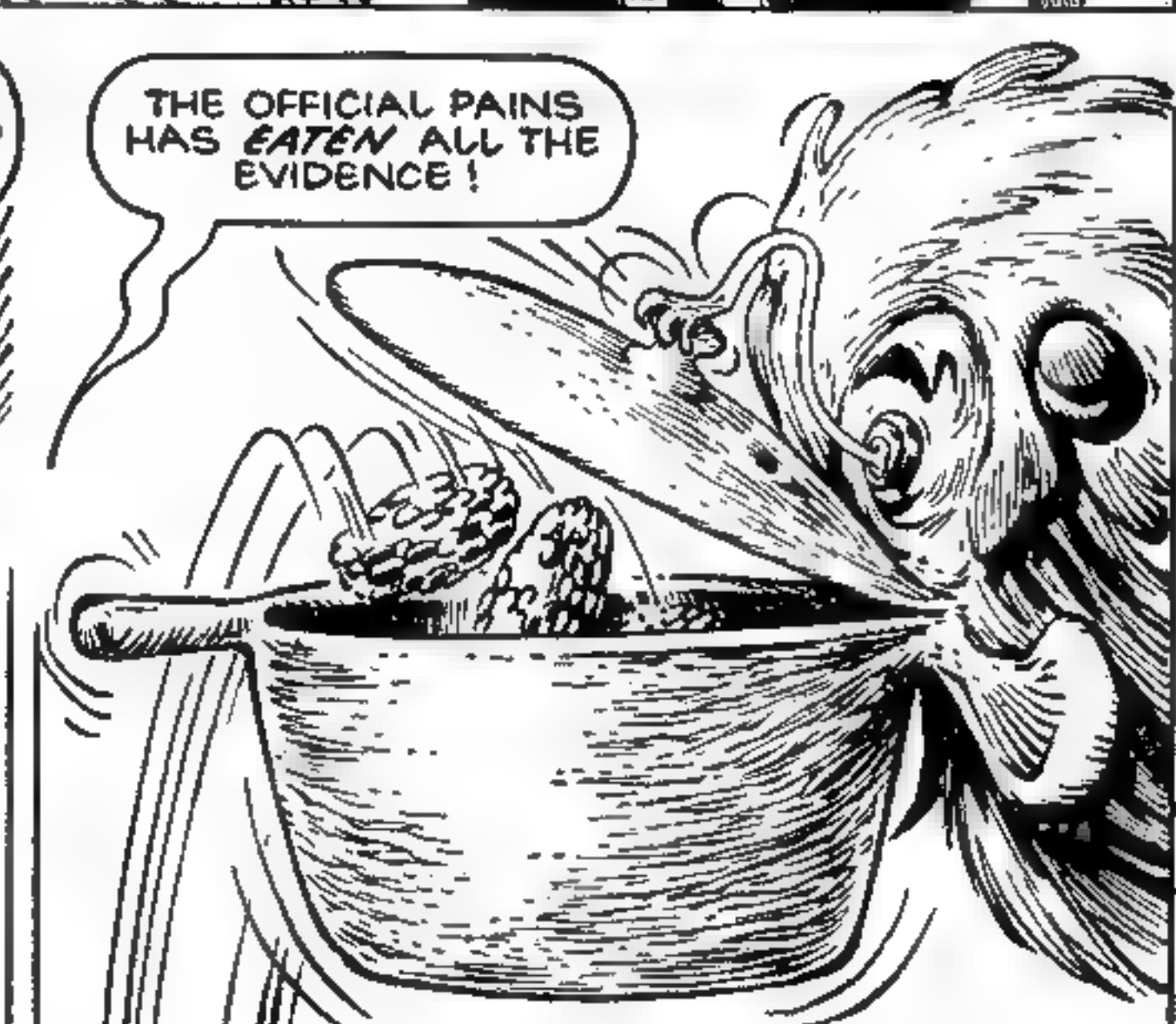
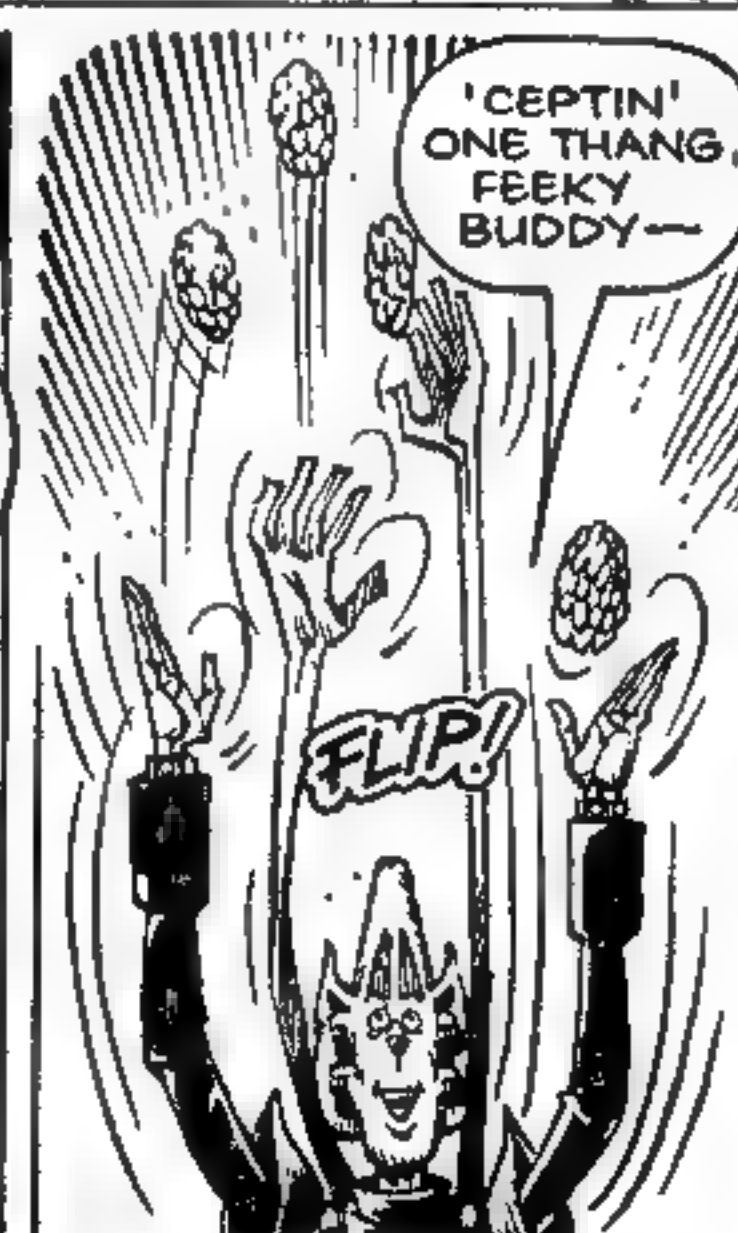




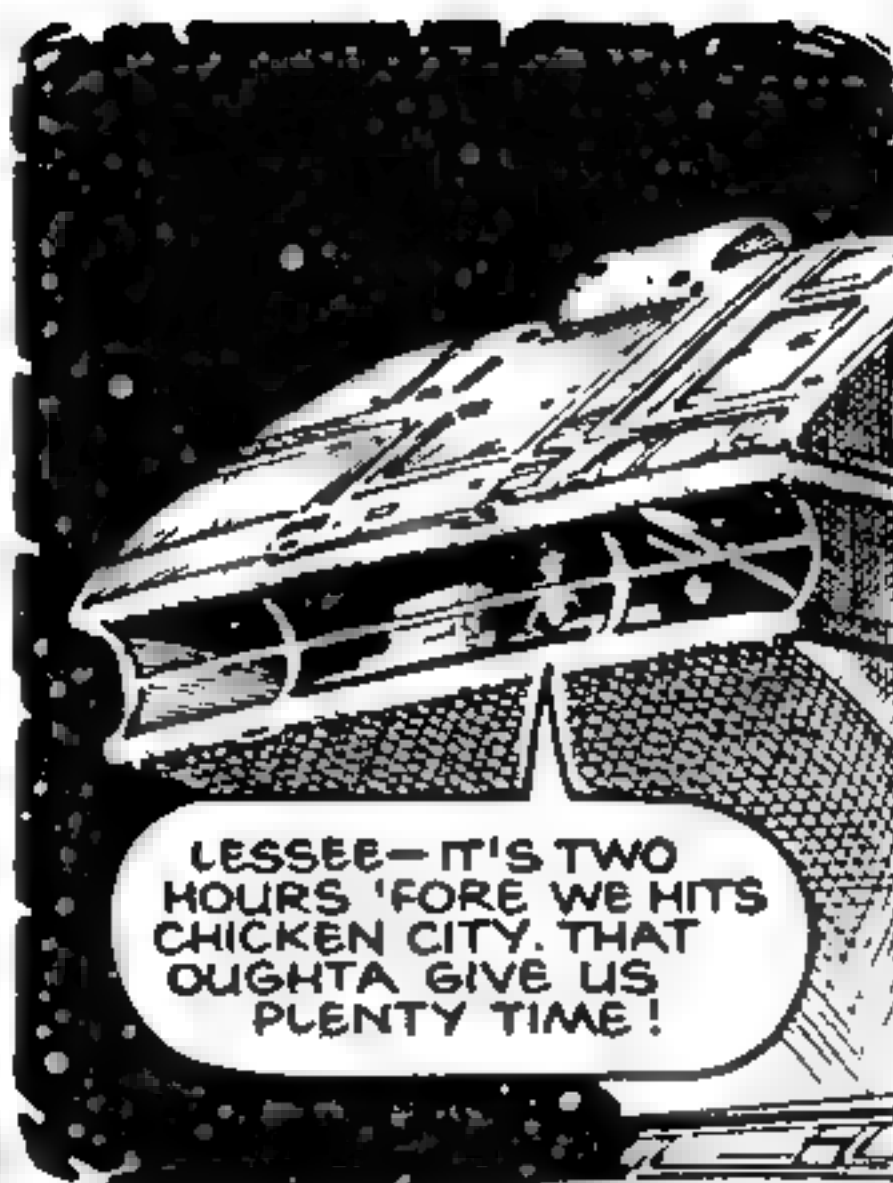
IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP AND HIS DOUBLE HAVE BEEN ARRESTED BY LUCKPUCK CUSTOMS OFFICERS FOR SMUGGLING ILLEGAL BOOZBUGS. NOW, THE TWO ACES HAVE UNLEASHED A DESPERATE PLAN TO SAVE THEIR SKINS —

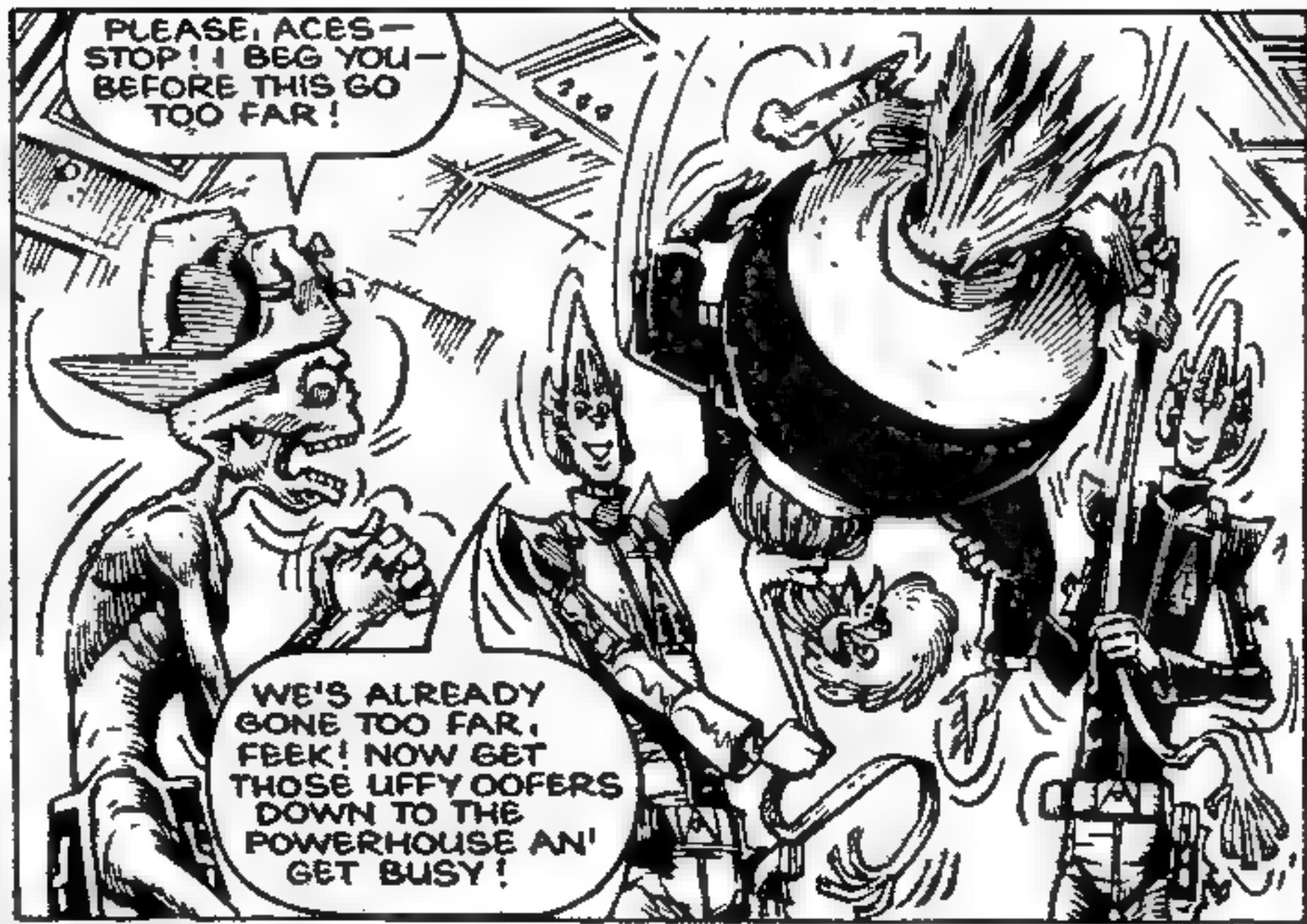


2000AD
Credit Card:
KARMA MONET
GRANT/GROVER
AMY MONET
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU 73



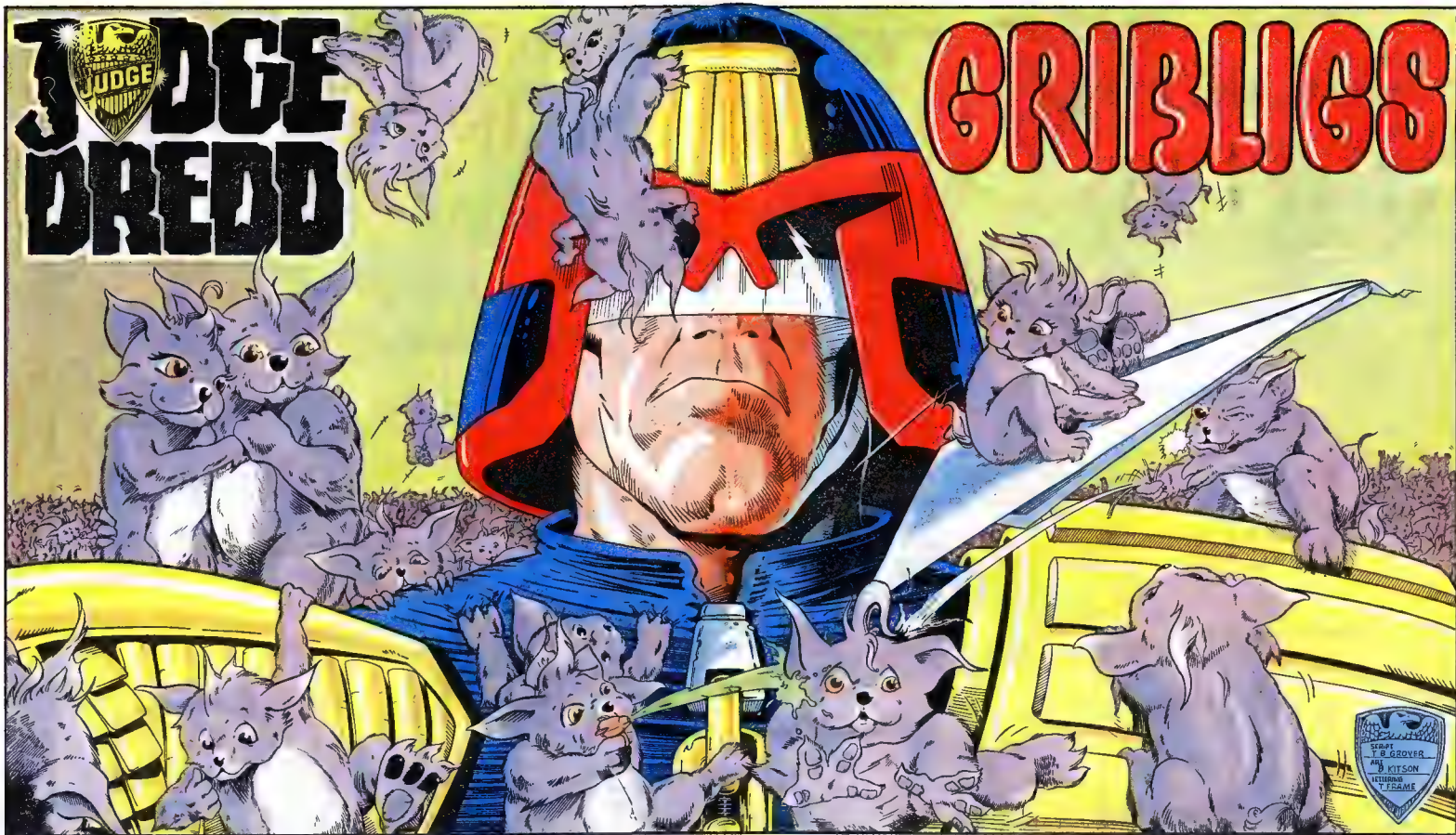






JUDGE DREDD

GRIBBLIGS



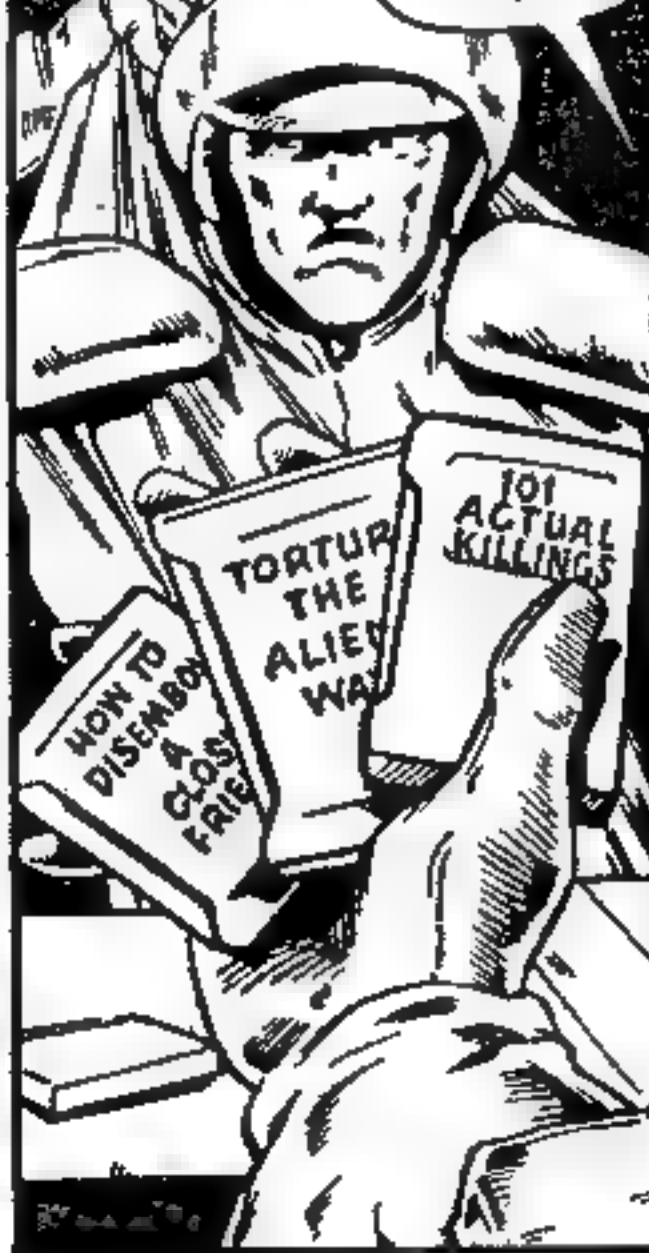
IN A BUSY SECTOR HOUSE SQUADROOM -

NAME'S **ANWAR DUGLAN**. STEWARD ON THE SPACELINER **LARVIK**. CAUGHT HIM TRYING TO PEDDLE A BAG OF VI SLUGS.



VI SLUGS - VIOLENT VIDEOS BANNED UNDER MEGA-CITY LAW.

OFF-WORLD MANUFACTURE. PRETTY ROUGH STUFF, DUGLAN.



THEY WERE FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY! I SWEAR IT!

LYING LITTLE RAT! **PERJURY'S** GONNA GET YOU ANOTHER TWO!

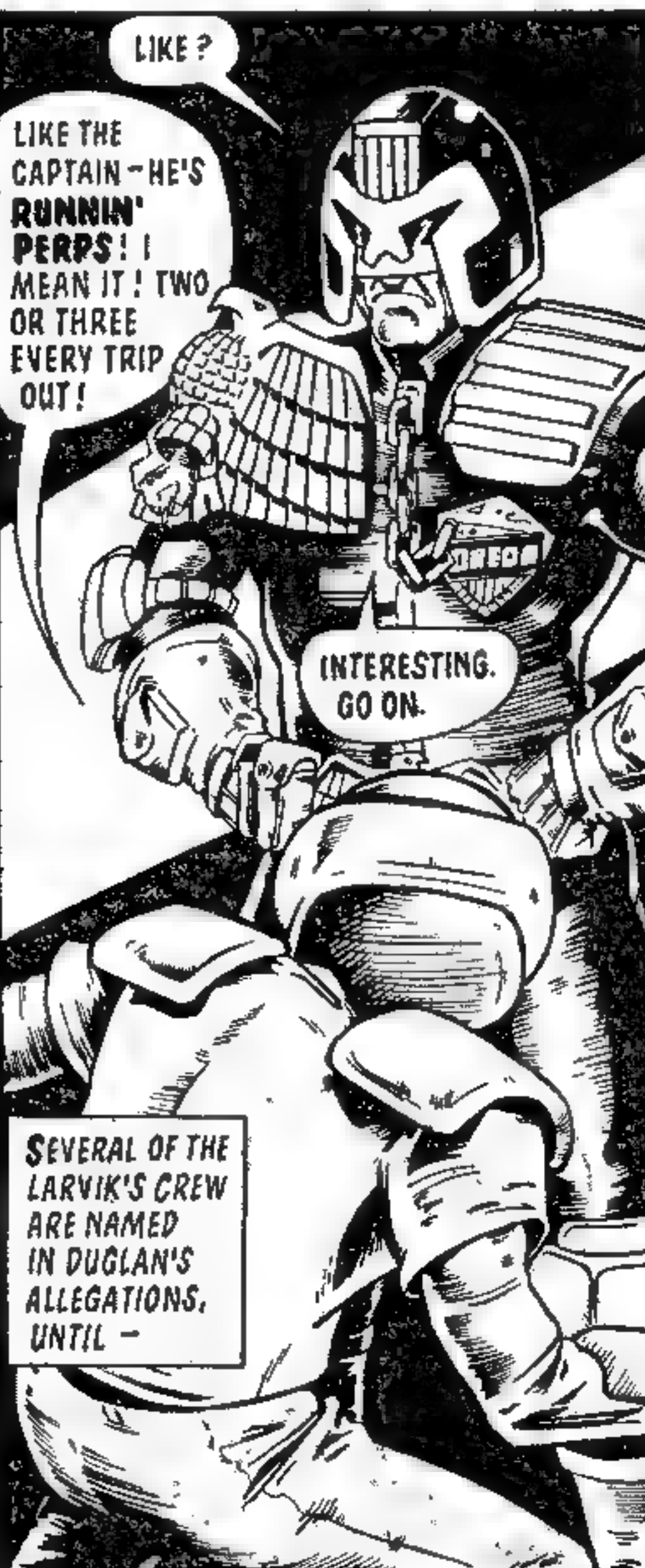


CREM! GO EASY, YOU GUYS! LOOK - I'LL COOPERATE...

...LET ME OFF AN' I'LL GIVE YOU THE JUICE ON THE REST OF 'EM! THERE'S LOTS OF RACKETS OPERATIN' ON THE **LARVIK**.

LIKE?

LIKE THE CAPTAIN - HE'S **RUNNIN' PERPS!** I MEAN IT! TWO OR THREE EVERY TRIP OUT!



INTERESTING. GO ON.

SECTOR HOUSE

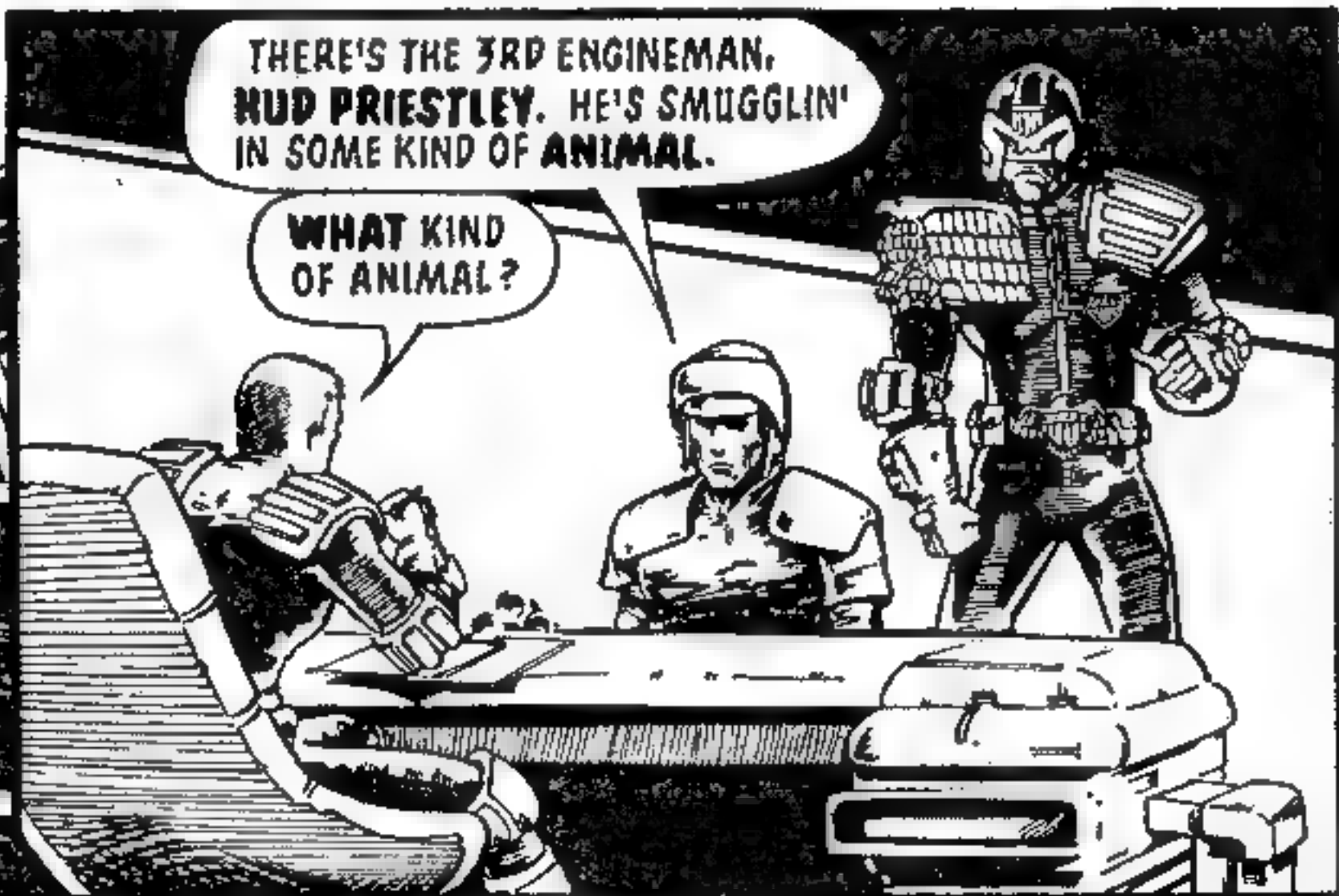
THAT IT?

YEAH - NO!



THERE'S THE 3RD ENGINEMAN, **RUD PRIESTLEY**. HE'S SMUGGLIN' IN SOME KIND OF **ANIMAL**.

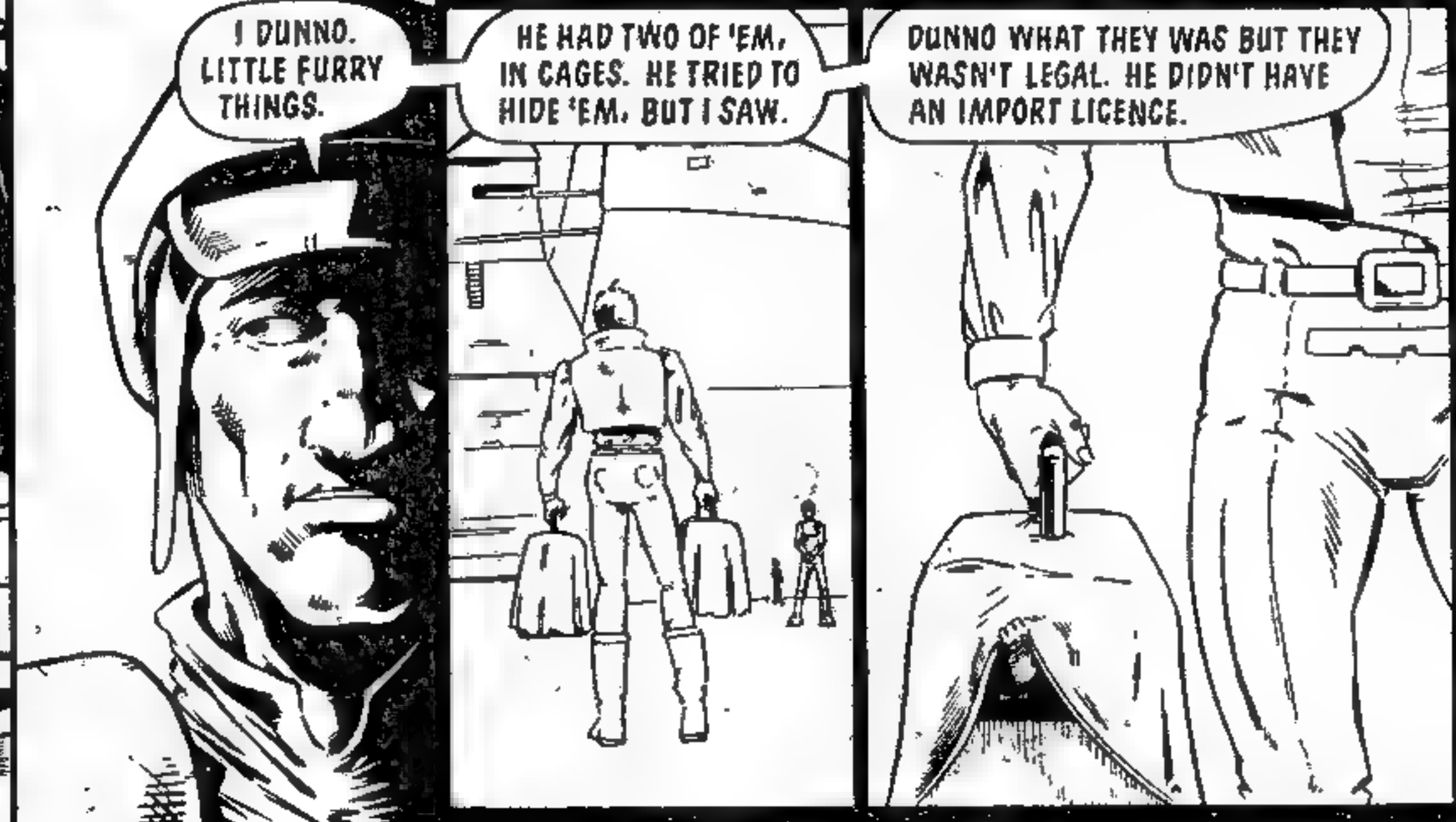
WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL?



I DUNNO. LITTLE FURRY THINGS.

HE HAD TWO OF 'EM, IN CAGES. HE TRIED TO HIDE 'EM, BUT I SAW.

DUNNO WHAT THEY WAS BUT THEY WASN'T LEGAL. HE DIDN'T HAVE AN IMPORT LICENCE.



OKAY, I'VE GIVEN YOU THE JUICE --
NOW HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME
WALK OUT OF HERE?



THE ONLY PLACE
YOU'RE WALKING
IS THE **CUBES**,
CREEP!

AND CONSIDERING YOU
MUST'VE KNOWN ABOUT THIS
STUFF FOR A LONG TIME, YOU
CAN DO AN EXTRA THREE
YEARS FOR **WITHOLDING
EVIDENCE**.

MOVE!



HUD! YOU'RE
BACK!



ONLY GOT A
COUPLE DAYS'
LEAVE,
I'M AFRAID.

SHIP'S
DOWN FOR
A SOLAR
SYSTEM
CRUISE.



WHAT'VE
YOU GOT
WITH
YOU?

A PRESENT.
SOMETHING YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
SOMETHING VERY
SPECIAL...



OH! AREN'T
THEY
GORGEOUS!

THEY'RE
GRIBLIGS.

I PICKED THEM UP ON PLEXUS.
AS FAR AS I KNOW, THEY'VE NEVER
BEEN SEEN IN THIS SYSTEM BEFORE.

THEY'LL EAT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING
AND THEY'RE VERY INTELLIGENT.
THEY LOVE DOING TRICKS. WATCH
THIS -

CHEEE CHUP!

HERE YOU GO,
CLEOPATRA -

CHEEEEEEE

CHUP!

HOW SWEET!

THIS IS THE MALE.
I CALL HIM
NELSON.

CHEEE
CHEEE

HE SEEMS
VERY AGITATED
ABOUT
SOMETHING...

LITTLE ROGUE WANTS
TO JOIN CLEO!

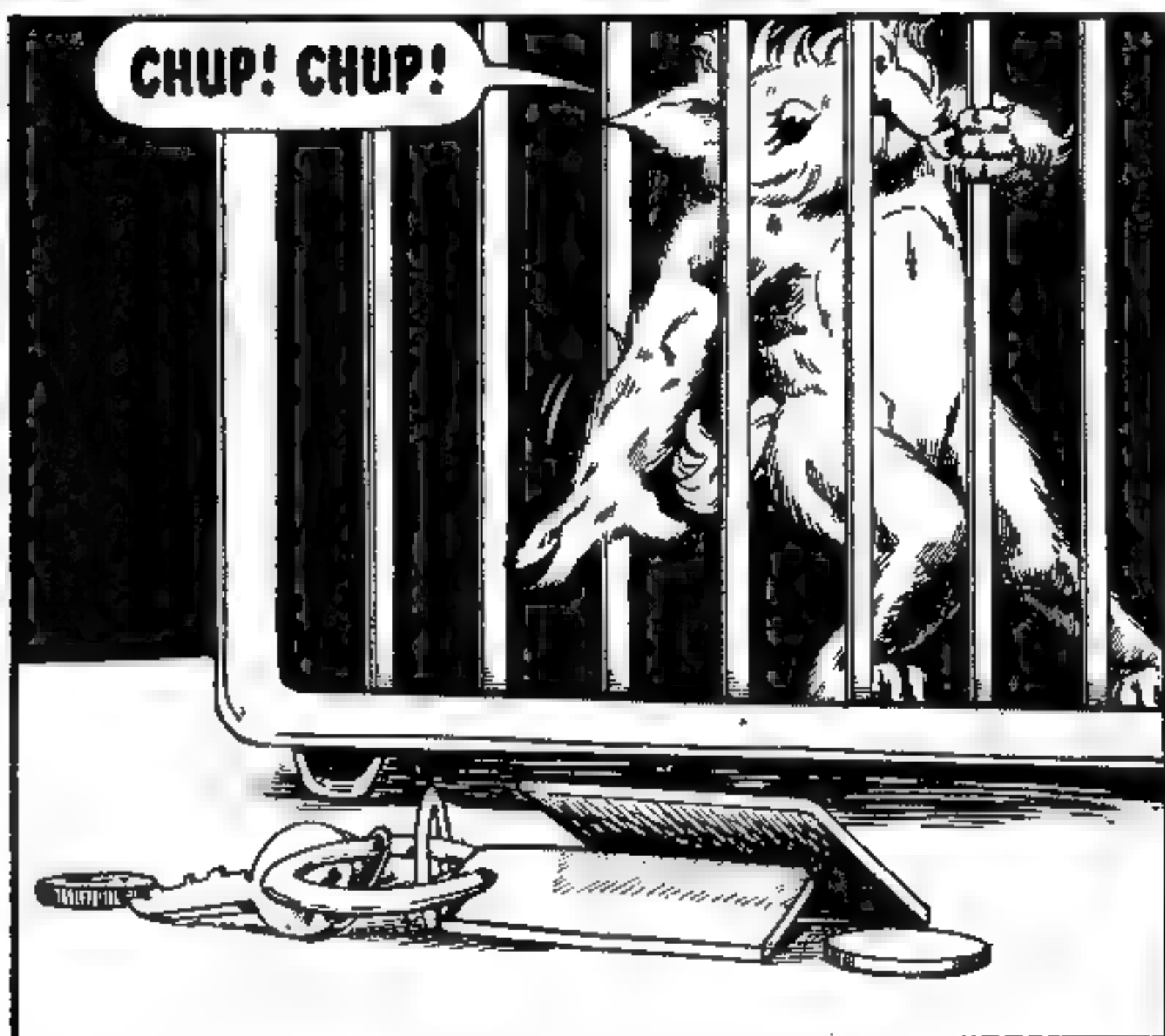
SORRY, NELSON! NO
TELLING WHAT TRICKS
YOU'D GET UP TO, EH?

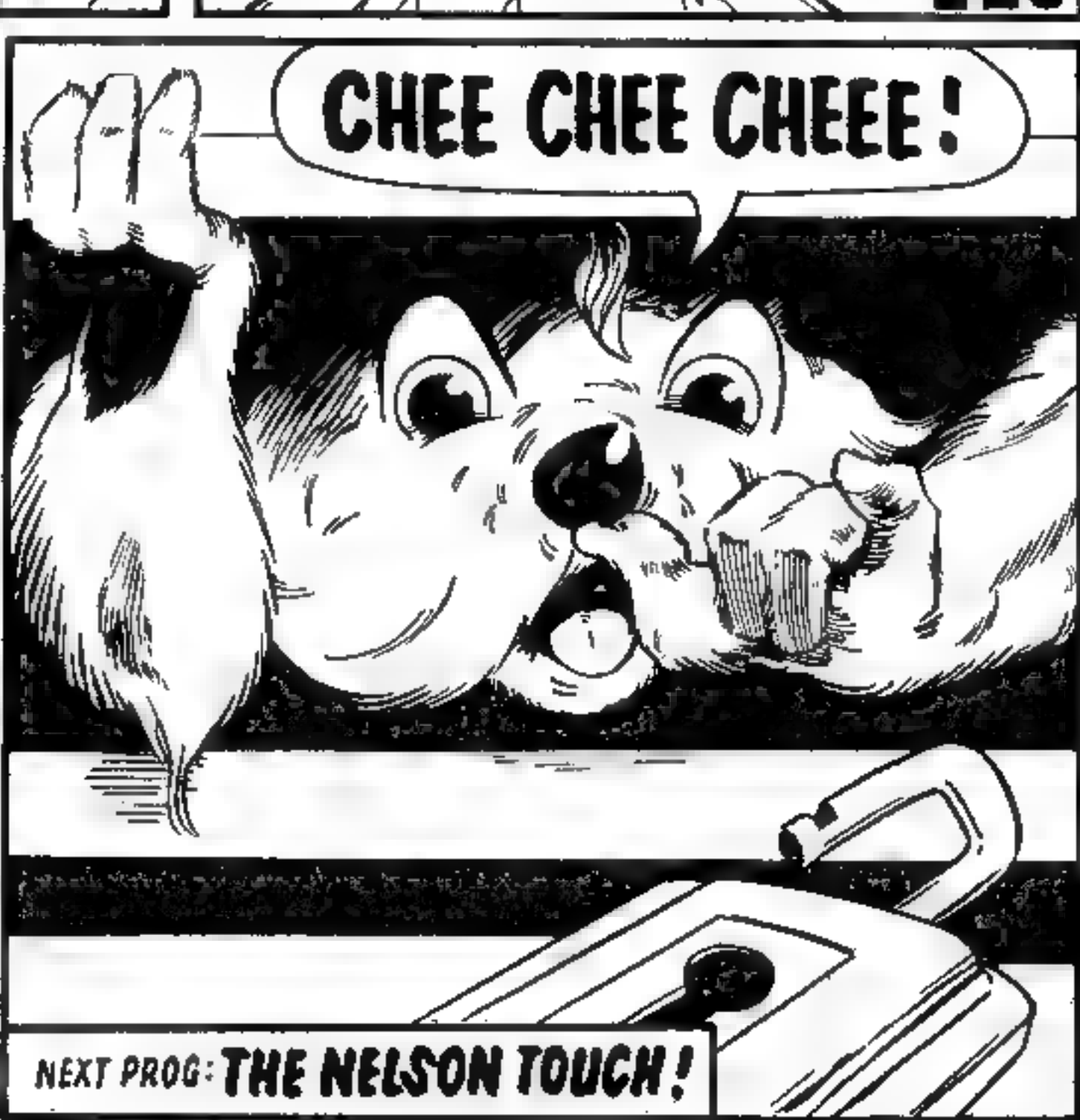
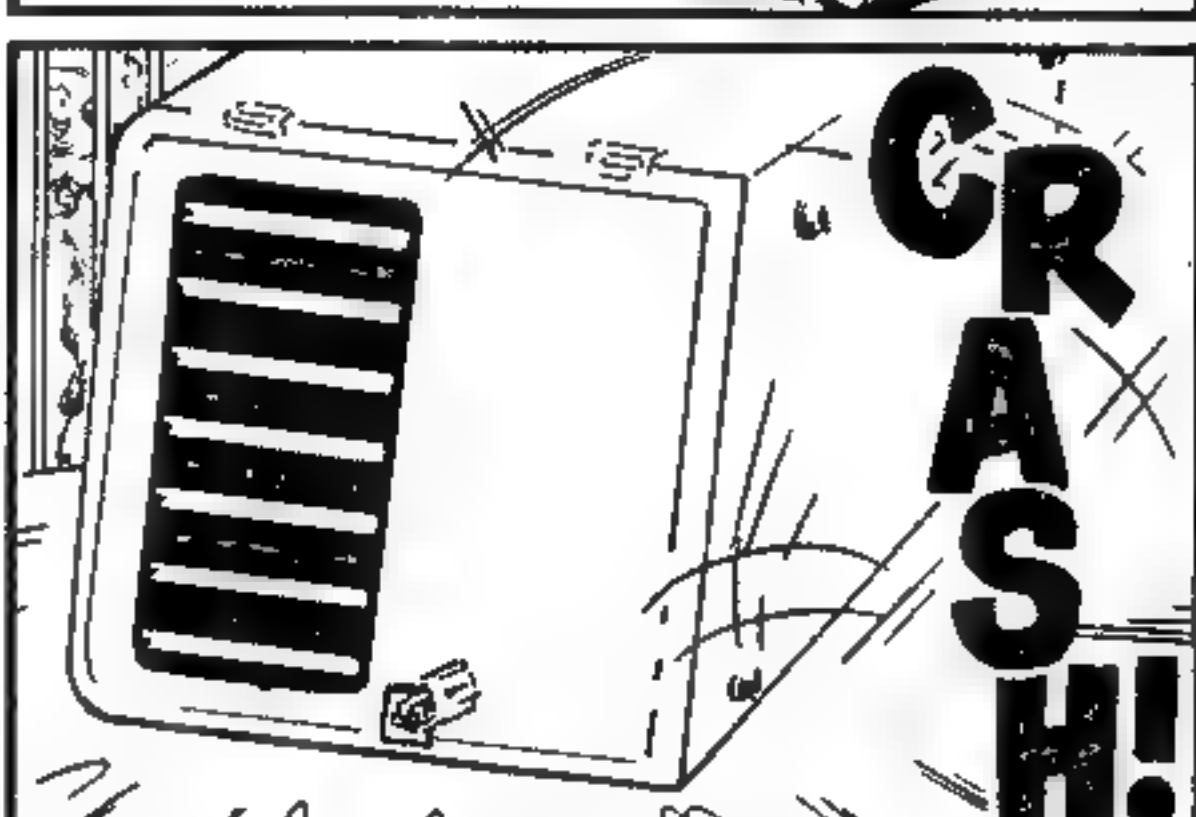
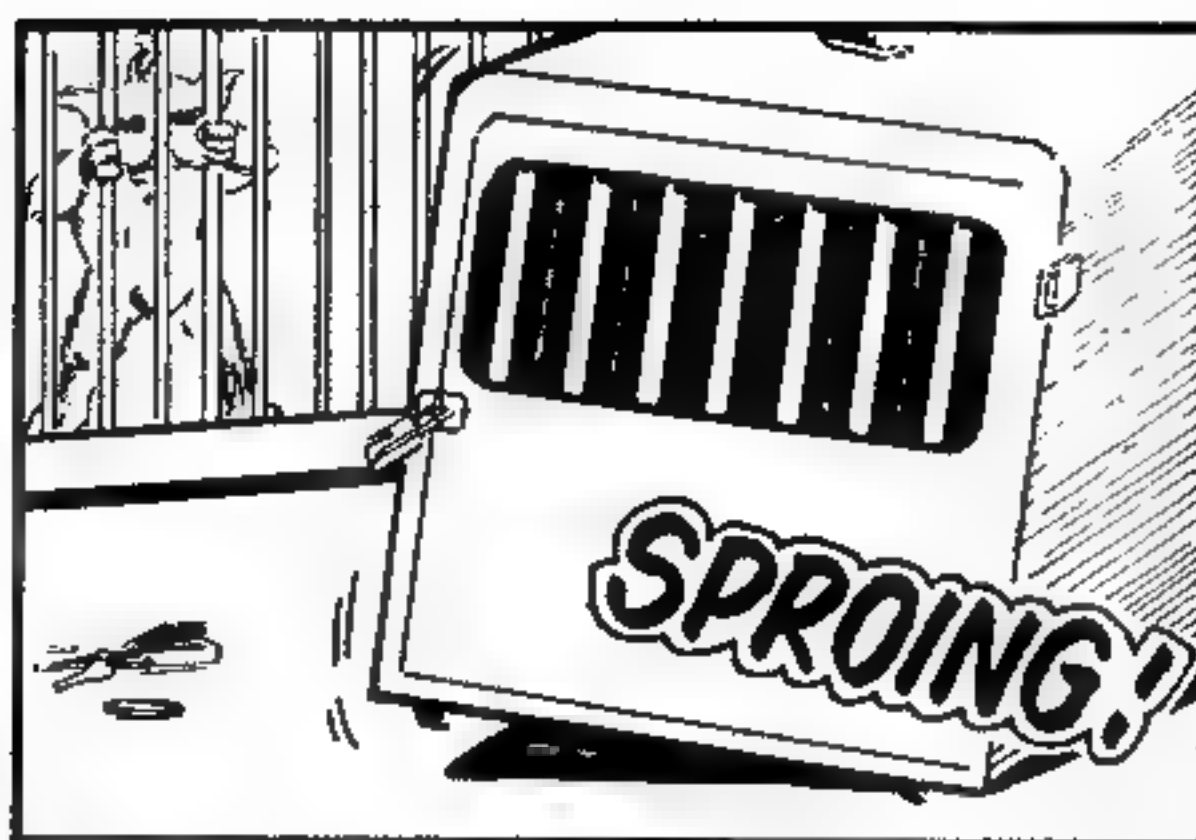
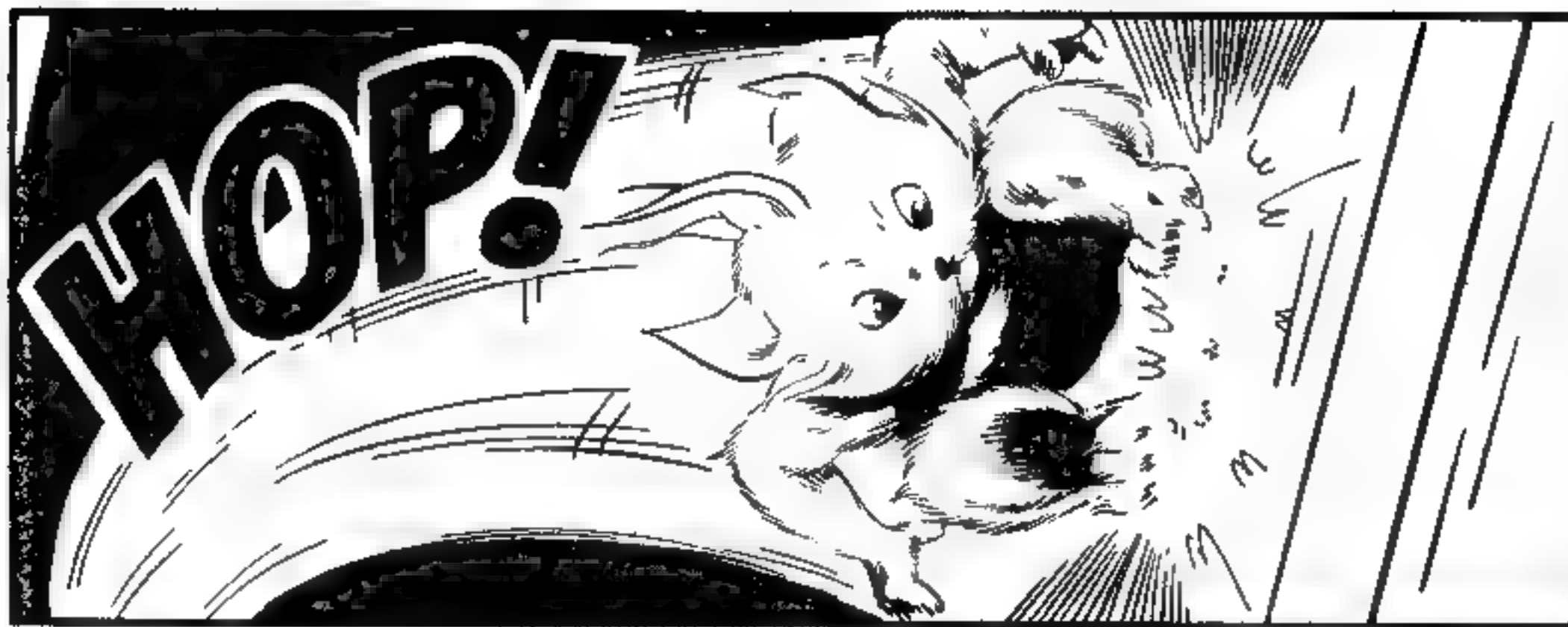
TEMPERAMENTAL
LITTLE GUY!

OW!

HA HA!

THEY'RE AMAZING, HUD!
SO... HUMAN! JUST
LIKE LITTLE PEOPLE!





READERS' ART SPECIAL...

When it comes to producing quality artwork, the Squaxx dek Thargo have always been in a class of their own. Over the last few months, however, it has come to my attention that standards are getting even higher, especially when the subject matter is the one and only *Judge Dredd*. On these pages I have programmed a small selection of the zarjaz art that's been pouring into the Command Module – and to show that I approve, I've awarded groats to the value of £10 to the Earthlet artists responsible!



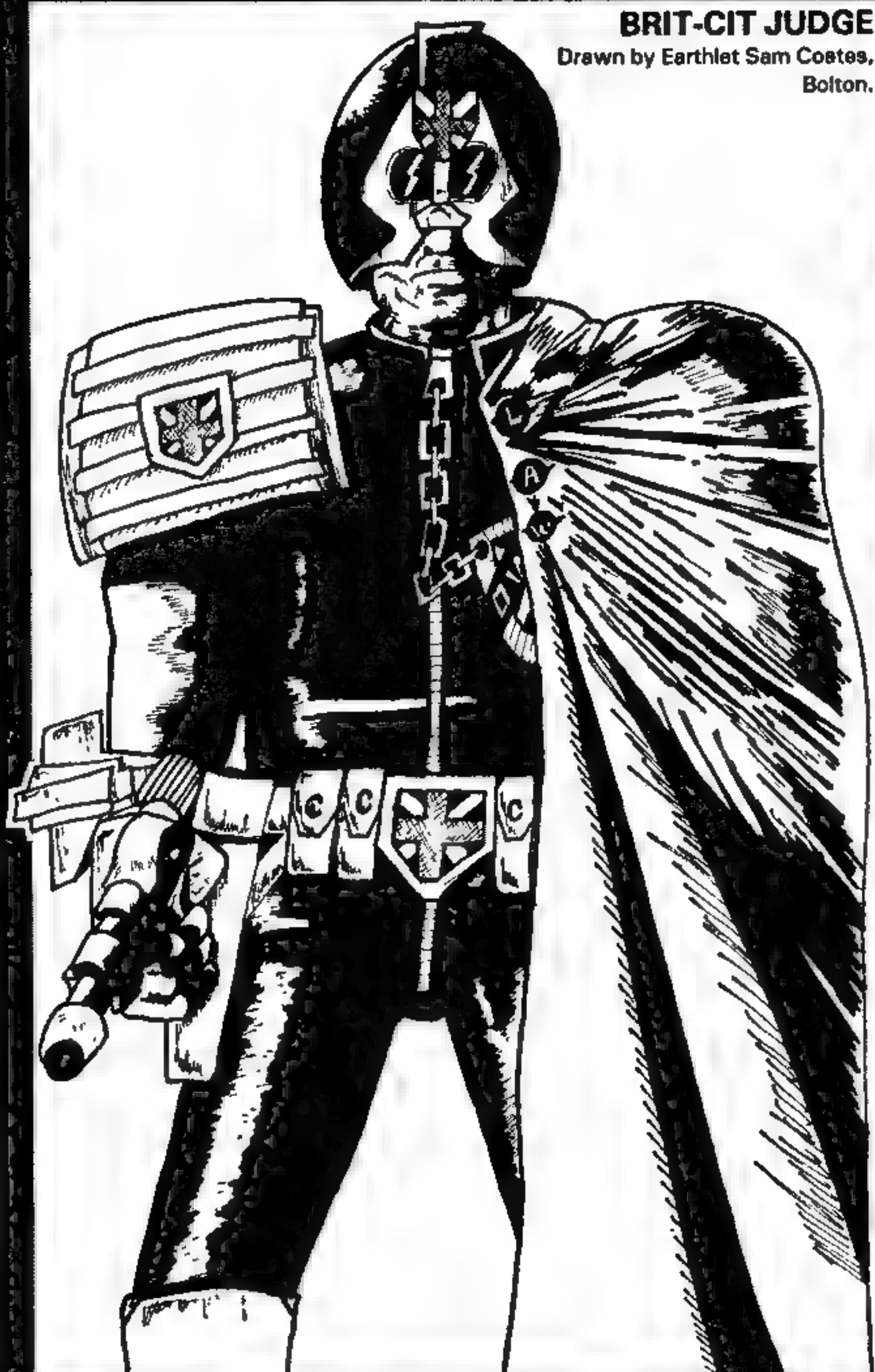
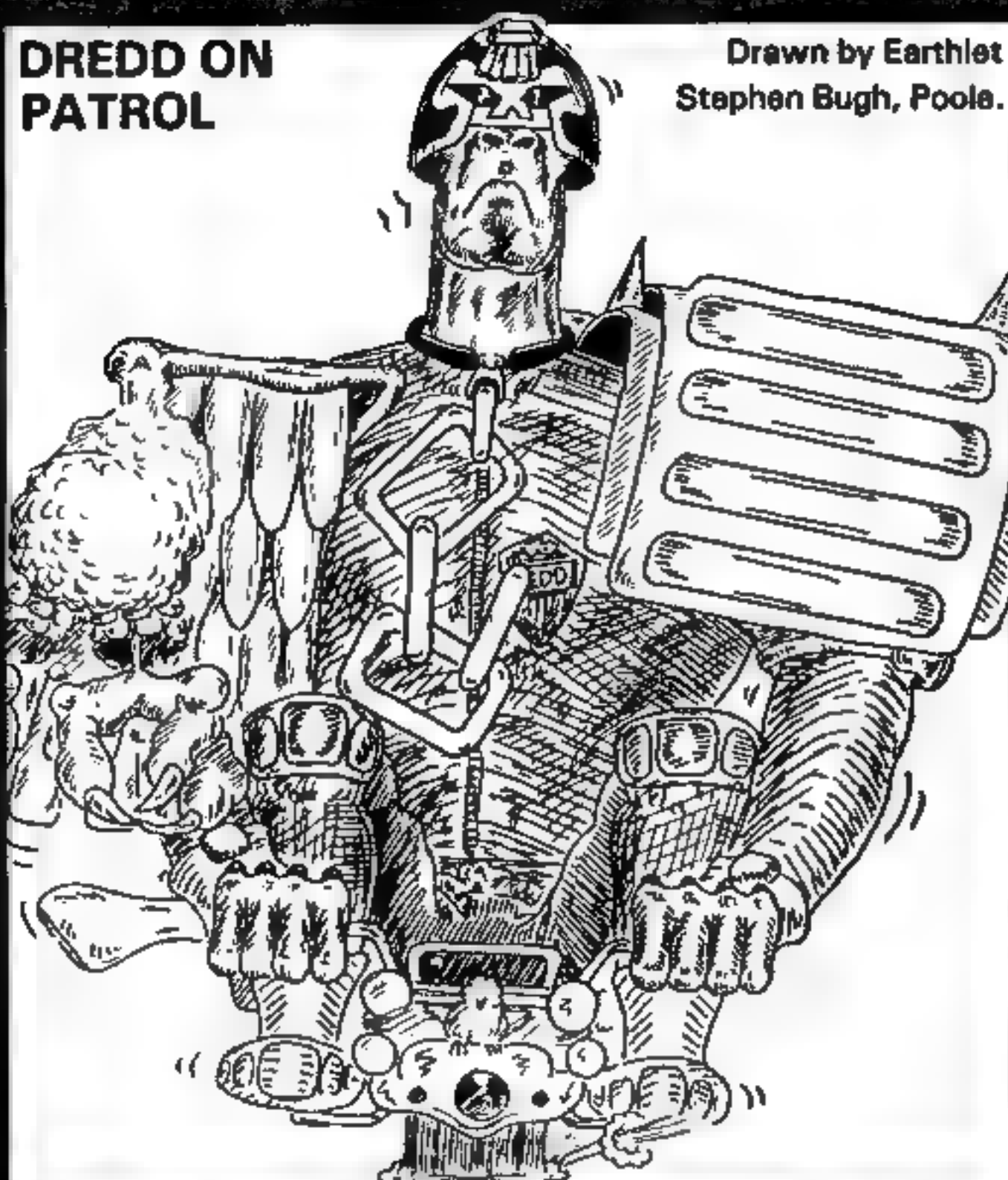
**HE COULD BE
THE LAW IF
HE WANTED
TO**

Drawn by
Earthlet Ben Green,
Flynn, Australia.



**DREDD ON
PATROL**

Drawn by Earthlet
Stephen Bugh, Poole.



BRIT-CIT JUDGE

Drawn by Earthlet Sam Costes,
Bolton.

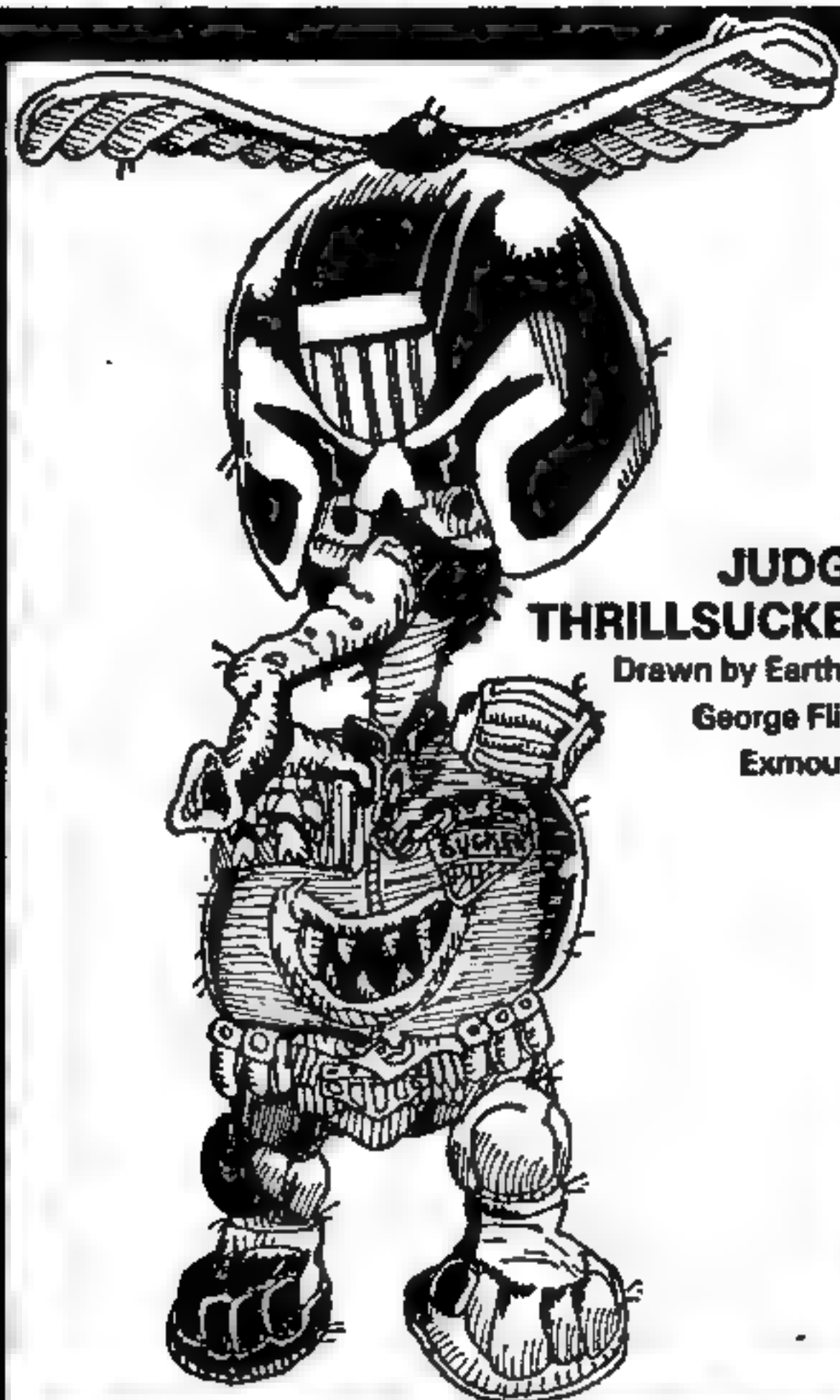
THESE TERRANS WITH DESIGNS ON DREDD EACH WIN £10!

THE DREDD SPREAD!



**DREDD:
THE EARLY
YEARS**

Drawn by Earthlet
Ravi Bains, Slough.

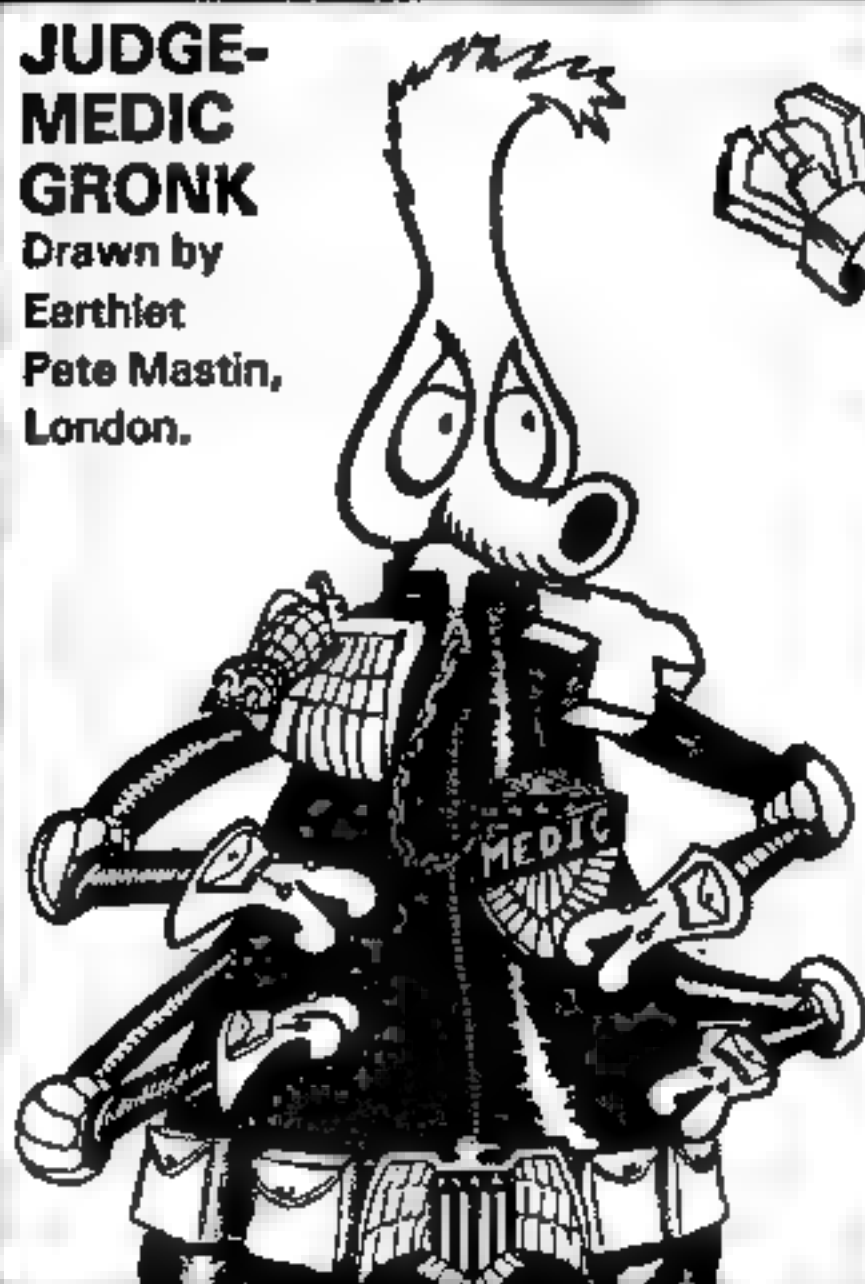


**JUDGE
THRILLSUCKER**

Drawn by Earthlet
George Flint,
Exmouth.

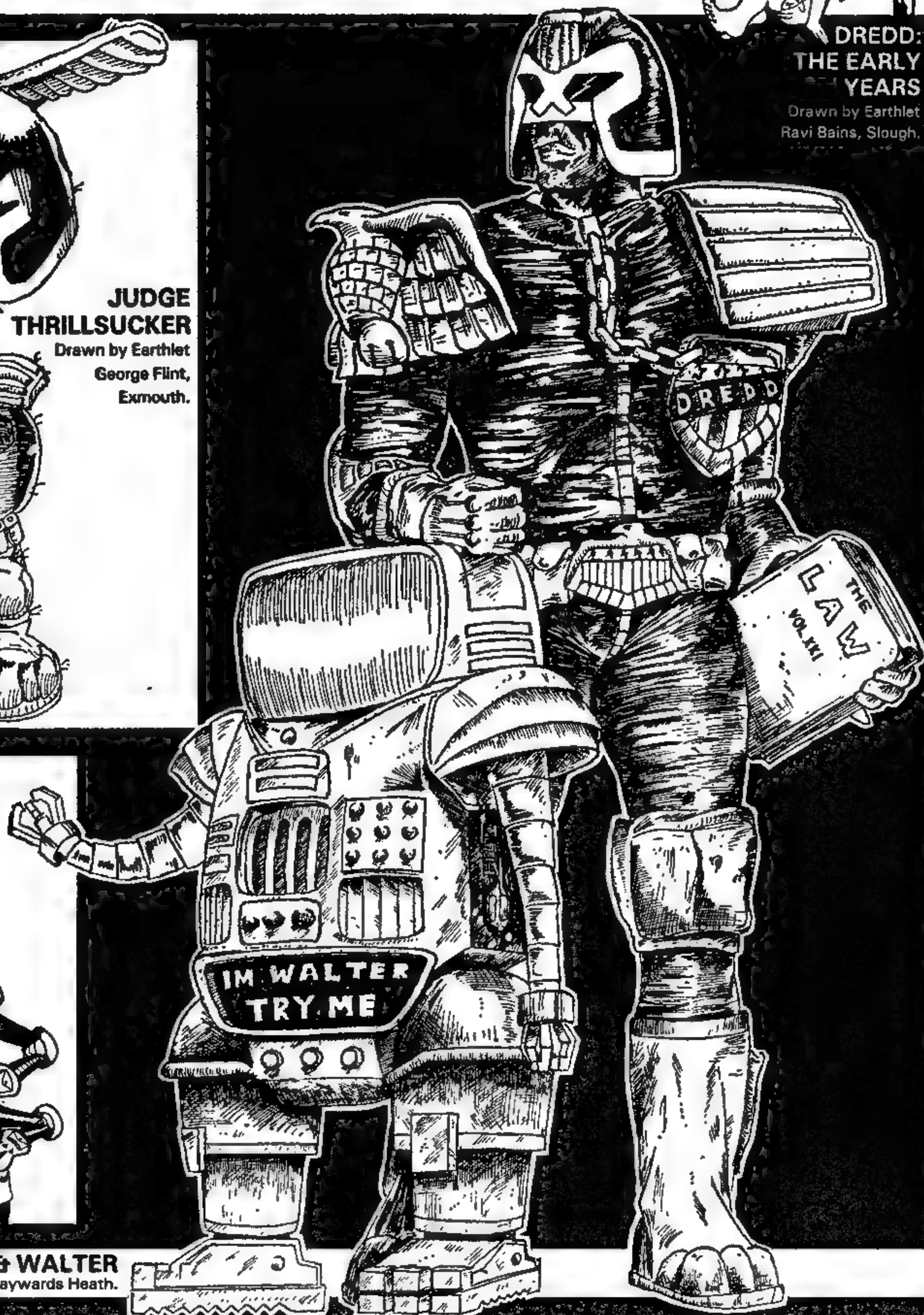
**JUDGE-
MEDIC
GRONK**

Drawn by
Earthlet
Pete Mastin,
London.



JOE & WALTER

Drawn by Earthlet Steven Leney, Haywards Heath.



JOHNNY ALPHA'S TASK
WAS OVER.

MAX BUBBA AND HIS MUTIE HENCHMEN
WERE GONE — DEAD, OR RETURNED
TO THE FUTURE.

Strontium DOE!

THOUGH WHAT
FUTURE? HAD IT ALL
BEEN WASHED AWAY
BY THE TIME WAVE?
HAD HE BEEN TOO
LATE?

LET'S GET THIS JUNK GATHERED
UP AND INTO THE VOLCANO. THERE
MUSN'T BE A TRACE LEFT HERE
OF OUR PRESENCE!

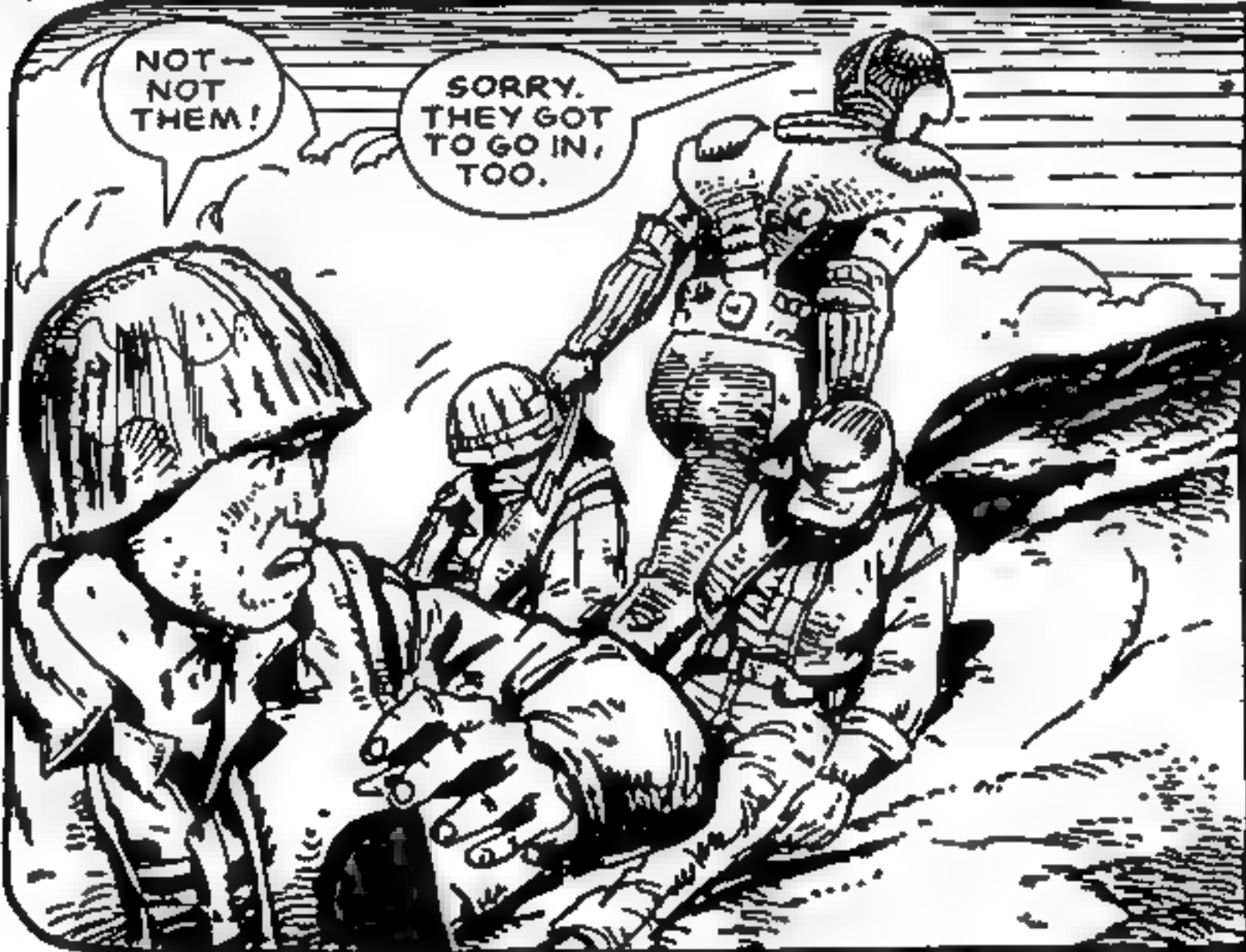
WHAT
ABOUT THE
CHOPPER?

I SPEAK THE
LANGUAGE. I'LL
GET SOME OF
THE SURVIVORS
TO HELP OUT.

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73



THE VIKINGS WHO AIDED JOHNNY WERE BURIED WITH FULL HONOURS. THEY WERE OF THIS TIME; THEY COULD REMAIN.

FAREWELL, HAKKEN. FAREWELL, SVEN LONGBEARD. MAY YOU SUP WELL IN VALHALLA'S HALLS!

AND WULF STERNHAMMER — IS HE DEAD TOO?

NO. HE'S IN THE FUTURE — 1400 YEARS AWAY. DON'T WORRY, HARALD — I'LL SEE THAT HE'S RETURNED.

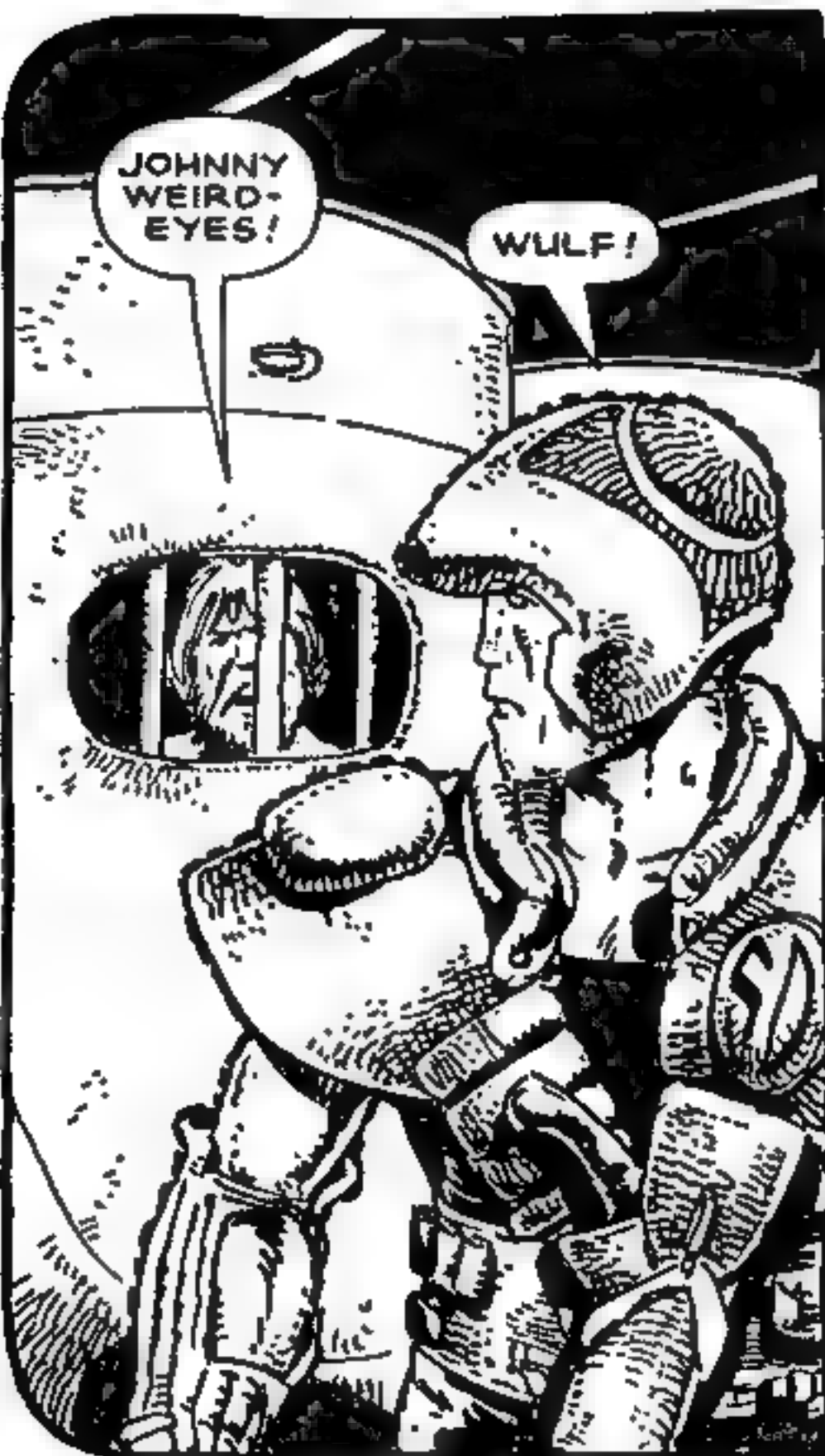
WHAT ABOUT ME, JOHNNY?

YOU'D BETTER COME BACK WITH ME. TIME CENTRAL WILL SORT YOU OUT...

IF TIME CENTRAL STILL EXISTS. IF ANYTHING STILL EXISTS!

AND AN INSTANT LATER, AT CANTERBURY KEEP, 2170 AD —

WE GOT TWO MORE COMING IN! ALPHA'S ONE OF THEM!





NO—I WILL NOT GO! I CANNOT!

WHY?

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SAVED MY LIFE, JOHNNY WEIRD-EYES? FIVE—SIX? IF WE PART NOW, I CAN NEVER RE-PAY MY DEBT. THAT IS A SHAME NO VIKING CAN LIVE WITH!



SO WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

I STAY WITH YOU UNTIL THE DEBT IS PAID—EVEN IF IT TAKES ME TO THE END OF TIME!



PUT THAT WAY, I DON'T SEE I HAVE ANY CHOICE. BUT I WARN YOU—A MUTANT'S LIFE IN 2170 IS NO PICNIC!

NOW, JOHNNY AND WULF HAD SPENT MANY YEARS—FACED MANY DANGERS—TOGETHER... ONLY TO FIND THAT THEIR PAST, AT LAST, HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THEM...



SUN'S COMIN' UP, MAX.

GOOD.



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